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# IRISH PRIESTS AND POETS

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THE  
PRIESTS AND POETS

OF

IRELAND.

BY

COLONEL JAMES E. MCGEE.

*Author of "Irish Soldiers in every Land," "Celebrated  
Sons of Irishmen," "The Men of '48," etc.*

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## PRIESTS AND POETS.

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IN assuming a title so comprehensive as "The Priests and Poets of Ireland," I do not wish to have my motives misunderstood, nor the public to be misled into the supposition that I meant to compensate for paucity of material or deficiency of descriptive ability by adopting a high-sounding name. On the contrary, I am willing that this book shall be judged by its intrinsic merits as far as it goes into the lives, writings, and actions of some of the more prominent ecclesiastics and poets of this century, born in Ireland.

It is the design of the publisher, and the ardent wish of myself, to collect and publish in a much larger volume, or in a series of small books, a complete bio-

graphical dictionary of every man of the Irish race who has been distinguished for his zeal, eloquence, and good works in the ministry, and of the almost countless sons of song who have wept over Erin's woes and wrongs, or incited her gallant children to deeds of daring and chivalry.

The present volume, though bearing the name which in time will become general to the future collection, is but the *avant-courier*, the skirmisher, as it were, of the whole force; the main body of the grand army of priests and poets has yet to be brought into action.

J. E. M.

NEW YORK, November, 1876.



FATHER MATHEW.



# IRISH PRIESTS.

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THE REV. THEOBALD MATHEW,

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

Few men of any age or country, considering the means at his disposal and the almost insurmountable obstacles he had to overcome, have performed such great service to humanity and the cause of morality and religion as did this humble Capuchin monk, whose name is even yet never mentioned but with blessings in tens of thousands of happy homes on both sides of the Atlantic.

The future Apostle of Temperance, familiarly and lovingly known as Father Mathew, was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown House, situated

about five miles from Cashel. His infancy was spent amid the terrible scenes which accompanied the insurrection of '98 and preceded the passage of the nefarious Act of Union, and the horrors of that period, which he was just old enough to remember, made so deep an impression on his mind that in after-life he could never bear to allude to them without a shudder. Having while yet a boy attracted the attention of Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Llandaff, his father's friend, by his mild disposition and gentle bearing, that discriminating woman resolved to assume the entire charge of his education, and at the age of twelve years he was accordingly sent by her to an excellent private school in Kilkenny.

The youth remained in that establishment some five years, winning the affection of his teachers and schoolmates by patient application and inexhaustible good nature. One who knew young Mathew well at this ductile period of



his life, and, of course, like all his acquaintances, learned quickly to love him, afterwards wrote of him in the *Dublin Review* :

“ Incapable of anger or resentment, utterly free from selfishness, always anxious to share with others whatever he possessed, jealous of the affections of those to whom he was particularly attached, remarkably gentle in his manners, fond of expressing himself rather in smiles than in language ; averse from the boisterous amusements to which boys in general are prone, and preferring to them quiet walks by the banks of a river or by the side of green hedges, in company with two or three select associates, and yet very far from being of a pensive disposition—on the contrary, so cheerful that the slightest ludicrous occurrence turned the smile he generally wore into hearty laughter—he grew up esteemed by everybody who knew him. Even in boyhood he seemed never to live for himself ; and yet, by not seeking

it, he exercised an influence upon those around him which they never thought of questioning."

Having evinced a decided preference for an ecclesiastical life, the lad was sent at the age of seventeen to Maynooth College, where he matriculated in the Humanity Class on the 10th of September, 1807. He was, however, not destined to remain long within the walls of that venerable and ultra-loyal institution; for having committed some slight infraction of the college statutes, he left it abruptly, rather than run the risk and disgrace of expulsion. He next resolved to join the Capuchins, the poorest and most humble order in Ireland, and for this purpose he put himself under the tuition of the Very Rev. Celestine Corcoran, of Dublin. Here, on Easter Saturday, 1814, he was ordained by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, and immediately after assigned to duty in Kilkenny. His stay in Kilkenny, though short, was long enough to awaken a strong religious feeling in the

community, and to make the good people of that favored city deeply regret his departure.

His next sphere of usefulness was the city of Cork, where he occupied the humble little friary erected by the famous Father O'Leary. Here for about a quarter of a century the good priest labored with an assiduity and a perseverance that made his name not only a household blessing in the humblest dwellings of the poor and illiterate, but one that was never mentioned without respect and affection in the houses of the wealthy and influential. "His reputation as a spiritual director," says his biographer, the late Mr. Maguire, "spread from parish to parish of the city; gradually it reached to its remotest confines, and so travelled far beyond; until subsequently it was said—with as much of truth as of pleasantry—that if a carman from Kerry brought a firkin of butter into the Cork market, he would not return home till he had gone to confession to Father

Mathew. It may here be mentioned that, in order to hear the confessions of people from the country, many of whom then spoke no other language than Irish, Father Mathew set himself diligently to learn the native tongue; and that after a time he became sufficiently conversant with it for the purpose of his ministry."

In illustration of the good Capuchin's method of dealing with incorrigible sinners, and leading, or rather forcing, them to repentance and salvation, the same writer relates the following anecdote: "Some years subsequent to the period of which we now treat, a Catholic lady said to a servant in her house: 'Well, Kitty, how do you like Father Mathew as a director?' 'Wisha, purty well, ma'am.' 'What do you mean by "purty well"?' enquired the mistress. 'Well, indeed, ma'am, he's a beautiful director, not a doubt about it, but—' Here Kitty paused. 'What do you mean by your "but"?' persevered the mistress, whose interest was excited by the manner of her

servant. 'Then, ma'am, the way of it is this: the worse you are in the beginning, the more he'd like you and the better he'd use you; but if you didn't improve very soon, there is no usage too bad for you.' The mistress was strongly in favor of Kitty not changing her new director."

But the young priest's labors were not altogether confined to the duties of his sacred calling, and so systematically did he divide his time and regulate his actions that, though constantly employed, he always seemed to have ample leisure when his services were demanded. He established an industrial training school and opened another for female children, which, as early as 1824, could boast of five hundred pupils, taught by some of the first ladies of the city. In 1819 he founded the Josephian Society, composed of young men whose duty it was to teach the poor children the catechism and the rudiments of an English education, as well as to visit the afflicted

and succor the destitute. For himself, his charity was boundless, and his visitations of the sick, not only of his own parish but of the whole city, unceasing.

In the pulpit also Father Mathew evinced those remarkable traits of persuasive and moving eloquence which afterward swayed the hearts and aroused the emotions of millions. In "Sketches of the Cork Catholic Pulpit," by the Very Rev. M. B. O'Shea, of St. Patrick's, Cork, published in 1826, we find the following passage descriptive of the effect produced on an audience by the unassuming but warm-hearted friar :

"We have ourselves more than once gone to hear this preacher, with the express intent of duly and fairly estimating his powers as a speaker, and have summoned to our aid as much of our critical bitterness as we conceived sufficient to preserve our judgment uninfluenced by the previous charm of his character. We were not listening to his affectionate, earnest, and pathetic exhor-



tation more than ten minutes, when our criticism, our bitterness, our self-importance, left us; all within us that was unkind and harsh was softened down; our heart beat only to kindlier emotions; we sympathized with our fellow-Christians around us. We defy the sternness and severity of criticism to stand unmoved, though it may remain unawakened, while Mr. Mathew is preaching; and this surely is no mean criterion of the excellence of his character and the efficiency of his ministry in the pulpit."

From the same eloquent pen, but written many years after, we have a glowing description of Father Mathew's untiring charity and superhuman exertions during the fearful scenes of the cholera year of 1832. "I have at this moment," says Father O'Shea, writing in 1863, "the most vivid and grateful recollection of the generous and heroic zeal displayed by my revered and beloved friend, Father Mathew, when, with the unselfishness and devotedness of a mar-

tyr and an apostle, he threw himself into the midst of the peril when the terrible *reality* of Asiatic cholera smote my parish first of any locality in Ireland, in April, 1832. When the first stunning effect of the blow had subsided, as it speedily did, a noble spectacle was exhibited by the union of all ranks, professions, and creeds, while resolutely and fearlessly confronting the calamity, and aiming at its mitigation by all the resources which humanity, religion, and science are sure to bring into play in the presence of a fearful crisis. Among those who at that awful period took a conspicuous part, not only in unwearied attendance by the bedside of the plague-stricken sufferers, but also in suggesting and practically carrying out sanitary and remedial measures for the relief of the sick in private houses and in the public hospitals, Father Mathew was ever foremost and always indefatigable. What most deeply affected me *then*, and which the memory even, at the distance of

more than thirty years, fills me with mingled emotions of gratitude and of reverential regards, was the visit he paid me in the very early stage of this dire calamity, when my hard-worked curates and myself were overwhelmed with incessant calls by day and night, before there was time for the erection of a temporary hospital, and before the pestilence had spread over other and distant districts of the city and suburbs—the centre and focus of the disease being a block of narrow, ill-ventilated streets and lanes in the immediate neighborhood of my residence, where the cholera raged with peculiar virulence.

“Two or three days after the first terrible outburst of the pest, and as soon as the awful tidings reached Father Mathew’s ears, he hastened to my house, and, with open heart and arms, embraced me; and, while offering his consolation and sympathy, tendered me his valuable services and the offices of his sacred ministry for the comfort and spiritual

aid of my poor afflicted parishioners, at every hour, by night or day, that I should refer to him. This offer, unexpected and unsolicited on my part, was, of course, promptly and gratefully accepted, and nothing could equal the noble, untiring efficiency of the support he then gave me until the benefit and blessing of his administrations to the sick were required away from my central district in the southern quarter of the city, which, in less than a fortnight after, was doomed to undergo its own share in the prevailing scourge."

A tribute like this, so generously and freely rendered by a brother priest, is an invaluable testimonial of the merits of the gifted friar; and were nothing else known of him but what is above recorded, he would be entitled to rank among the foremost Christian heroes of which the Church has been the prolific mother. But Father Mathew was intended for even greater things. A pestilence worse than Asiatic cholera had long overspread

the land, more deadly in its effect than the worst of plagues; for it killed the soul as well as the body. The name of this curse was **INTEMPERANCE**. During his long ministration in Cork the good father had ample opportunity of witnessing its fearful prevalence and destructive tendencies, and many a time did he sighingly pray for its removal or mitigation. At length an occasion arose of which, though with great diffidence, he hastened to take advantage. A temperance society was formed, which he at once joined, and with the aid, strange as it may seem, of a Quaker, a Unitarian, and an Episcopal minister, gave it strength, influence, and direction.

We have heretofore considered Father Mathew as a local preacher and confessor whose charity and uniform kindness made him a blessing to those immediately around him; we must now look upon him as a national benefactor, a philanthropist of the most far-reaching benevolence and universal fame.

Leaving, no doubt with regret, his humble chapel in Cork, and guided by an influence superior to that of men, he passed to and fro throughout the length and breadth of the country, preaching temperance to all classes, creeds, and conditions of society, and administering the teetotal pledge to millions of men, women, and grown-up children. History records no such grand moral revolution as that produced in five or six years by this simple-minded, earnest, and heaven-gifted priest. At his approach the vice of drunkenness disappeared, fraternal quarrels ceased, homes that had long been the abodes of discord and wretchedness were turned into dwellings of peace and comfort; and agrarian crime, formerly so rife and ghastly, became almost unknown. The standard of morality was perceptibly raised among the people, high and low; literature and music took the place of tavern brawls and pot-house discussions; the reading-room was substituted for the

bar-room; while private hospitality, stripped of its grossness, became again one of the national virtues, instead of the curse which it once had been.

At the time when the Apostle of Temperance, as he has been very properly called, was thus winning over the Irish people to good order, peace, and sobriety, the great O'Connell was everywhere arousing his countrymen to the assertion of their rights, civil and political. These two remarkable men, entertaining for each other profound respect and personal affection, were constantly associated in their moral and patriotic labors, and, though not working in concert, their efforts were always directed to the same end—the regeneration of their native land. The Liberator gathered together at the various centres of population hundreds of thousands of stalwart men to listen to the story of their wrongs and to discuss their lawful means of redress; the teachings of Father Mathew made such monster assem-

blages possible. No rude voice disturbed the harmony of such meetings; all was quiet and well conducted, both before the proceedings and at their termination.

Yielding to repeated solicitations, he visited Scotland in 1842, and England in the following year. His reception in both countries, not only by the masses of the people, but by the most prominent public men, lay and clerical, would have been highly complimentary to a mind less absorbed in a great undertaking than his; but he effected what pleased him far more than praise or flattery—the conversion from intemperance of nearly three-quarters of a million of the laborers and mechanics of the large cities.

After his second absence his return to Cork was hailed with delight, and his temperance labors among his own people were resumed with unabated ardor, till checked, and almost entirely suspended, by the dire English famine of



1846-7 8, which desolated the country and drove millions of people into their graves, the poorhouses, or hopeless exile. How Father Mathew acted during those awful years of starvation and pestilence is best told by Mr. Maguire, who was personally cognizant of every fact he thus sets down :

“It was a time truly to try the souls of men ; and at no period of his career did the character of Theobald Mathew shine out with a purer and holier lustre than in this terrible crisis. He was the life and soul of every useful and charitable undertaking ; and there were many such at a moment which called into activity the best feelings of our common nature, and united those who had been previously opposed in fraternal and Christian concord. Industrial schools, clothing societies, relief associations visiting committees—these and similar efforts sprang from the necessity of the time and the compassion of the good ; and there were few of these that did not de-

rive aid and strength from the co-operation or countenance of Father Mathew. What influence he could employ he brought to bear upon those whose interest it was to make a profit of the great necessary of life, upon every ounce of which depended the safety of a fellow-creature; and by his lavish and unbounded charity—for the excess of which he was afterward to endure many a moment of mental torture—he supplemented the public relief, and thereby rescued thousands from an untimely grave.”

The delicate allusion here made to his pecuniary embarrassments may as well be explained. For years he had been at great expense in travelling to various places, holding meetings, and not unfrequently, nor with a miser's hand, opening his purse-string at the call of the indigent and helpless. The large sale of temperance medals at each gathering led the public into the error of supposing that the fund so created was suffi-

cient for his needs, and his enemies among the distillers and liquor-dealers were not slow in asserting that he was rapidly becoming wealthy. Both classes were, however, undeceived when on one occasion in Dublin, while in the very act of administering the pledge, he was arrested in an action for debt. Though he was rescued from this dilemma almost as soon as it became known by his private friends and public admirers, his generosity during the famine days again plunged him into debt, from which he was only extricated, after years of weary suffering, by an annual pension equal to fifteen hundred dollars.

On the demise of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, the clergy of that diocese, under the presidency of the Archbishop of the province, assembled to choose a successor on the 7th of April, 1847. Of the three names passed upon Father Mathew received the highest number of votes, and it was generally thought that he would be confirmed as

bishop by the Holy See, though those who knew him best, and took the greatest interest in his labors, feared that, a mitre once placed upon his head, he would be obliged by the responsibilities of his episcopal office to relinquish the field in which the battle of temperance was still to be fought. The Holy See seems to have shared this apprehension; for he was not selected for the episcopate. The correspondence which passed between the priests of Cork (secular and regular) and their illustrious candidate on this occasion was alike creditable to them and to him. The address ran thus:

#### ADDRESS

*From the Catholic Clergy of the City of Cork to the Very Rev. T. Mathew, Minister Provincial of the Cypuchin Order in Ireland.*

VERY REV. DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned clergymen of the city of Cork, hasten to convey to you our

warmest congratulations upon the high position in which you have been placed by the choice of the parish priests of this diocese. In so placing you we had not, and, from circumstances, could not have, any part. The decision, however, arrived at by the majority of those with whom the choice rested merits and obtains our entire approval. This we deem it right to convey to you in the present form.

You, very reverend dear sir, have been associated in the ministry with some among us for many years; to others you are endeared by ties of affection formed in childhood and strengthened by the experience of a riper age; and you are known and esteemed by all as a most laborious priest, a consistent and ever-active friend of the poor, and a truly zealous promoter of every measure which has for its object the interests and honor of God's Church and the welfare of God's people.

Should the decision of the Supreme

Pontiff confide to your care the charge of this diocese, the attainment of the high objects of the episcopal office will, in your person, be greatly facilitated by the extensive and well-deserved influence over all classes which your many and exalted virtues, during a long career of unexampled usefulness, have already secured to you. Accept, very reverend and dear sir, the assurances of warm regard and sincere respect with which we remain your faithful friends and brethren.

This affectionate and thoroughly sincere document, signed by twenty-three clergymen, who, not being parish priests, had no voice in his election, was answered in the following characteristic terms :

VERY REV. AND REV. BRETHREN,  
MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS : I receive with the deepest respect and gratitude the expression of your regard for myself, and of your concurrence in the vote by which

the venerable parish priests of this diocese have conferred on my humble self the highest honor in their power to bestow.

I cannot deem myself worthy of so high and responsible a position, neither am I influenced by any feelings of personal ambition; but I feel deeply at receiving such a testimony from a body of elegants in talent and virtues distinguished in the Irish Church, and endeared to me by the closest ties of the friendship of many years.

Whatever may be the decision of the Holy See, I shall during my life treasure up the remembrance of this day, and, in any sphere in which it may please God to place me, I trust I shall never forget how much I owe to the kindness and affection of my brethren in the ministry.

THEOBALD MATHIEW.

When it became known that Dr. Delany, not Father Mathew, had been

selected by His Holiness for the episcopate, a deep feeling of disappointment, shared in by all the Catholics of Cork—except, perhaps, the person who might be considered the most directly interested—pervaded the community. Addresses breathing the warmest attachment, and signed by thousands of intelligent laymen, poured in on the Apostle of Temperance; but that holy and ever-meek follower of his divine Lord, so far from experiencing the least chagrin at the preference given another, was the first to congratulate the new bishop and endorse the wisdom and discretion of Rome.

As early as 1847 Father Mathew contemplated a visit to the United States; for wherever his countrymen were, and his presence as a temperance advocate required, there, he considered, lay his path and his sphere of duty; but the absolute necessity of his remaining during the famine, and his subsequent stroke of paralysis, delayed him for some time. Many were the pressing



invitations sent to him from this country; but none is so well worthy of preservation, or so honorable to this great country and its representative on that special occasion, as the following note from the gallant captain of the frigate *Macedonian*, one of the United States war vessels sent with provisions to the starving Irish, who had been previously refused the use of one of their own ships by the British Government:

U. S. FRIGATE *Macedonian*, }  
NEW YORK, May 15, 1847. }

REVEREND AND RESPECTED FATHER: This frigate will leave for Ireland and Scotland some time during the present month; and, having understood that it was the intention of your reverence to visit this country during the summer, I take the liberty of respectfully offering to your consideration the propriety of returning with me.

It would give me great pleasure to

have the honor of your company on my homeward voyage; and I can only assure you that, should you determine to accompany me, no pains shall be spared to make your voyage as pleasant to yourself as it is hoped it will be profitable to my fellow-citizens of the United States.

Accept the assurance of high regard, consideration, and respect from

GEORGE C. DE KAY,

*Commander of U. S. F. Macedonia.*

To the Very Rev. Father Mathew,  
Cork.

Though obliged to decline this hearty and thoughtful invitation, Father Mathew only postponed for a time his visit to this country. In the summer of 1849, having partially recovered from his illness, he left home by the way of Liverpool, and arrived at New York on the 2d of July of that year. The incidents of his tour through the United States, the sympathy and respect which he received from the whole Catholic

body, many of the sectarian ministers, and not a few of our most distinguished statesmen, like Henry Clay, William H. Seward, and Lewis Cass, are fresh in the public mind. His career was a perfect ovation, his success as a temperance advocate complete, and the impetus which he then gave to the cause of teetotalism is sensibly felt even to this day.

Nothing marred the unanimity with which his appearance was greeted, except the conduct of the extreme abolitionists in Boston and the opposition of the pro-slavery fanatics of the South. This was most pronounced in the United States Senate. A resolution having been introduced into that body to admit the distinguished stranger to a seat within the bar, though supported by prominent Democrats and Whigs with equal earnestness, was vehemently opposed by several Southern members. Prominent among these was Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, who has since attained such bad eminence as the chief

conspirator against the integrity of this republic. That individual took the liberty of saying :

“The question resolves itself into this : Whether the Senate, having upon its floor those who represent a slave-holding constituency, shall vote an extraordinary compliment to one known as the ally of O’Connell, and in whose expressed opinions he openly coincided. Why, if he came here as a guest to share our hospitality, and not to disturb the peace of our country, did he not say that our domestic affairs are our own, and that he did not come here to disprove any portion of them ; that he came here to express no opinions in relation to slavery ? He comes covertly, *a wolf in sheep’s clothing* ; and I hold the Senator from New York to be the very best authority upon that subject.”

Notwithstanding this and similar outbursts of intolerance, the Senate, by a vote of thirty-three to eighteen, passed the resolution.

Forewarned by the increasing symptoms of declining health, hastened and aggravated by his long journeys through the South and West, Father Mathew prepared to return to his beloved people, among whom he expected to find his eternal rest. On the 8th of November, 1851, he left New York for Ireland. Previous to his departure he issued "A Farewell Address to the Citizens of the United States," so full of pathos, sincerity, and wisdom that it deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and hung up on the walls of the house of every adopted, ay, and native-born, citizen in the Union. To his own countrymen, in particular, he proffered the following excellent and impressive advice :

"You have, my dearly-beloved friends, relinquished the land of your birth, endeared to you by a thousand fond reminiscences, to seek on these distant shores that remuneration for industry and toil too often denied you at home. You are presented here with a boundless field of

profitable employment, and every inducement is held out to persevering industry. You are received and welcomed into the great American family with feelings of sympathy, kindness, and friendship. After a few years you become citizens of this great republic, whose vast territorial extent abounds in all the materials of mineral, agricultural, and commercial wealth; the avenues to honor and fame are liberally thrown open to you and to your children, and no impediment (save of your own creation) exists to prevent your attaining the highest social and civic distinction; and will you any longer permit those glorious opportunities to pass unimproved, or rather, will you not, by studying self-respect and acquiring habits suited to your new position, aspire to reflect honor alike on the land of your birth and of your adoption? I implore you as I would with my dying breath to discard for ever those foolish divisions, those insensate quarrels, those

faction broils (too often, alas! the fruits of intemperance) in which your country is disgraced, the peace and order of society violated, and the laws of heaven trampled on and outraged."

On his return to Ireland Father Mathew renewed his temperance labors, but his health was so seriously impaired that he was soon compelled to abandon them. In 1852 he was seized with an attack of apoplexy, and on partially recovering was ordered to Madeira for change of air. His visit, however, was unproductive of any good results, and he soon returned home, where he lingered some years longer, surrounded by kind and affectionate friends and skilful medical attendants. On the 3d of December, 1856, he expired, in the forty-second year of his ministry and the sixty-sixth year of his age. His death, though not unexpected, caused a profound sensation of regret, not only among his countrymen at home and abroad, but wherever his name was known and

his virtues appreciated. His mortal remains repose in the beautiful cemetery which he established in the vicinity of Cork; his memory is perpetuated by the people of that city in a noble statue from the chisel of Foley—one of the first sculptors of this century—and his soul, we trust, has long since received the reward promised to those who fight the good fight and keep the faith even to the end.





FATHER TOM BURKE.



VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE,  
O.P.

THERE are few persons in the United States who are not familiar with the name of this distinguished and eloquent Dominican, who a few years ago visited America, and delighted so many thousands by his soul-stirring sermons and lectures. No speaker, lay or clerical, visitor or to the manor born, has had so enthusiastic a reception, such large and appreciative audiences, and so general commendation from the press as this Irish monk, who came among us, it would appear, to demonstrate in his own person how easily the fire, eloquence, vigor, and wit for which the Gaels have been celebrated can be concentrated in one individual, and, when wedded to morality and religion, how effectively

they can be made to subserve the highest ends of mankind.

Father Burke was born in Galway, September 8, 1830, and, we believe, was educated in that city till he had reached his seventeenth year. Then, having developed a strong tendency for an ecclesiastical life, and preferring to join some regular order, he was sent to Perugia, Italy, where he entered upon his novitiate in the house of the Dominicans, under the religious name of Thomas Aquinas. After a short time he was removed to the Eternal City, where he passed five years in acquiring a knowledge of the duties of the sacred profession for which he was destined, and in storing his mind with a fund of varied and useful information, so apparent in all his public sermons and addresses.

On being ordained he was first sent to the mission in Gloucestershire and other parts of England, where he spent four years constantly preaching and instructing, before being assigned to the respon-

sible position of head of the novitiates of his order at Tallagh, in Ireland. Here his executive abilities, gentleness, and geniality of disposition had full play, and many young and learned Dominicans of to-day look back with pleasure to the years so profitably and pleasantly spent under his paternal guidance and tuition. For over seven years he continued to perform his duties as master of novices and giving missions throughout the country, till called to Rome by the Sovereign Pontiff to take the place of Dr. (now Cardinal) Manning as preacher of Lenten sermons in the basilica of Santa Maria del Popolo.

A compliment like this, paid to so modest and young a preacher, will be duly appreciated when we remember that the pulpit of that church had long been selected by the papal authorities for preachers in the English language; and that the audience, during the Lenten season, was usually composed of the most intelligent, critical, and sympa-

thetic portion of the American, Irish, and English visitors, Protestant and Catholic, to the centre of Christendom. Here the glowing periods, splendid diction, and refined oratory of the late Cardinal Wiseman for many years delighted and convinced the hearts and minds of thousands; and here also the pure, classical, and incisive eloquence of the present Cardinal Manning found full scope, until that august lecturer was called away to take the place of the illustrious Archbishop of Westminster. That Father Burke was deficient neither in the great gifts which distinguished his predecessors, nor in the capacity to carry out the intentions of his Holiness, may be judged from the fact that he was detained in Rome for five years, and since his departure the Lenten lectures, once so prominent a feature in winter life in that city, have been discontinued.

On his return to Ireland Father Burke was assigned to the charge of the church of St. Saviour, in Dublin, and,

when not engaged in the ordinary duties of that position, he has been constantly occupied in giving retreats in other dioceses, preaching charity sermons—for which his peculiar delicacy of feeling and moving pathos so admirably qualify him—and delivering patriotic addresses before literary and educational associations. The following extract, taken at random from one of the two large volumes containing most of his recent sermons and lectures, will convey some idea of the style and manner of these latter efforts :

“ For more than a thousand years the work of St. Patrick was the glory of Christendom. The virgin Church of Ireland, unstained even by one martyr’s blood, became the prolific mother of saints. Strange indeed, and singular in its glory, was the destiny of Innisfail. The Irish Church knew no childhood, no ages of painful and uncertain struggle to put on Christian usages and establish Christian traditions. Like the chil-

āron in the early ages of the Church, who were confirmed in infancy immediately after baptism, Ireland was called upon as soon as converted to become at once the mother of saints, the home and refuge of learning, the great instructress of the nation; and perhaps the history of the world does not exhibit a more striking and glorious sight than Ireland for the three hundred years immediately following her conversion to the Catholic faith. The whole island was covered with schools and monasteries, in which men the most renowned of their age, both for learning and sanctity, received the thousands of students who flocked to them from every land. Whole cities were given up to them; as we read of Armagh, which was divided into three parts—‘*Triam more,*’ or the town proper; ‘*Triam-Patrick,*’ or the cathedral close; ‘*Triam-Baseneagh,*’ or the Latin quarter, the home of the foreign students. To the students the evening star gave the signal for retirement, and the



morning sun for awaking. 'When, at the sound of the early bell,' says the historian, 'two or three thousand of them poured into the silent streets and made their way towards the lighted church, to join in the service of matins, mingling, as they went or returned, the tongues of the Gael, the Cimbri, the Piet, the Saxon, and the Frank, or hailing and answering each other in the universal language of the Roman Church. The angels in heaven must have loved to contemplate the union of so much perseverance with so much piety.' And thus it was not only in St. Patrick's own city of Armagh, but in Bangor, in Clonard, in Clonmacnoise, in Mayo of the Clators; in Tadmahon and Bog- Erin, or the Blaney; in famed Limerick, on the Blackwater; in Maugret, on the lordly Shannon; in the far-off Islands of Arran, or the Western Ocean; and in many another sacred and heroic spot where the round tower and the group of seven churches still remain,

silent but eloquent witnesses of the sanctity and the glory of Ireland's first Christianity. The nations, beholding and admiring the lustre of learning and sanctity which shone forth in the holy isle, united in conferring upon Ireland the proudest title ever yet given to a land or a people; they called her 'the Island of Saints and Doctors.' "

It is now more than four years ago since Father Burke was induced to visit this country, the fame of his wondrous eloquence and great services in the cause of Catholicity having crossed the Atlantic before him and penetrated into the remotest towns and cities of the interior. Nor were the people disappointed when he did arrive, and they had an opportunity of personally judging of those brilliant qualities which astonished alike the unlettered but devout peasants of the west of Ireland, and the fastidious denizens of the capital of the Christian world. Everywhere that the demands of patriotism, charity,

benevolence, or religion called for his presence and voice, the gifted son of St. Dominic went, and always to address large and enraptured audiences. The incredible amount of physical labor alone which he must have undergone during the first few months of his visit here would have been too much for any ordinary constitution ; but, fortunately, Father Burke proved himself to be a man whose bodily strength is equal to his mental energy and indefatigable industry.

During his stay he was invited to all the principal cities on the seaboard, and to many of the larger villages and towns in the interior ; and always gathered round him congregations, not exclusively Catholic, but very frequently largely made up of non-Catholics of various sects. To those he spoke in his unvarying vein of good-nature, buoyant humor, and earnest argument ; illustrating every proposition with gems of history and a wealth of erudition that

fascinated the imagination, while exciting conviction to the minds of the most obstinate and unreasonable. Whether in or out of the pulpit, he ever preserved the dignity and impartiality of a Catholic priest who knew no nationality in religion, but who looked upon all Christians as brothers and all mankind as of one common family, he delighted, when occasion served, to dwell upon the virtues and fidelity of his native land, and to exult in her history and unwearied attachment to the ancient faith. Thus during one of his lectures we find him bursting out into the following glowing words: "Yes; if there be one passion that has outlived every other in the heart of the true Irishman, it is the inborn love for Ireland, for Ireland's greatness, and for Ireland's glory. Our fathers loved it, and knew how to prize it, to hold it—the glory of the faith that has never been tarnished; the glory of the national honor that has never bowed down to acknowledge itself a slave.

And, my friends, the burden and the responsibility of that glory are yours and mine to-night. The glory of Ireland's priesthood, the glory of St. Columba, the glories of Iona and of Lindisfarne, weigh upon me with a tremendous responsibility, to be of all other men what the Irish priest and monk must be, because of that glorious history; the glory of the battle that has been so long fighting and is not yet closed; the glory of that faith that has been so long and so well defended and guarded; the glory of that national virtue that has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world—that glory is your inheritance and your responsibility this night. I and you, men, feel as Irishmen and as Catholics that you and I to-night are bound to show the world what Irishmen and Catholics have been in the ages before us, and what they intend to be in the ages to come—a nation and a Church that has never allowed a stain to be fixed upon

the national banner nor upon the national altar—a nation and a Church who, in spite of its hard fate and its misfortunes, can still look the world in the face; for on Ireland's virgin brow no stain of dishonor or of perfidy has ever been placed. In sobriety, in industry, in manly self-respect, in honest pride of everything that an honest man ought to be proud of—in all these, and in respect for the laws of this mighty country, lie the secret of your honor and of your national power and purity. Mark my words! Let Ireland in America be faithful, be Catholic, be practical, be temperate, be industrious, be obedient to the laws; and the day will dawn, with the blessing of God, yet upon you and me, so that, when returning to visit for a time the shores from which we came, we shall land upon the shores of a free and glorious and unfettered nation."

Shortly after Father Burke's arrival in this country we were favored by the

presence of a distinguished English historian—Mr. Anthony Froude, who had been known on this side of the Atlantic principally as an indefatigable collator and discoverer of State Papers, as the maligner of the much-calumniated Mary, Queen of Scots—who had, as the world knows, been judicially murdered by the virgin queen and defender of the faith, Elizabeth—and, as the apologist, if not the eulogist, of her father, the brutal Henry VIII. Said a late distinguished writer,\* now, alas! no more: “In matters of state Mr. Froude is a pamphleteer; in personal questions he is an advocate. He holds a brief for Henry. He holds a brief against Mary Stuart. He is the most effective of advocates; for he fairly throws himself into his case. He is the declared friend or the open enemy of all the personages in his history. Their failure and their success affect his spirits and his style. He rejoices with

\* Colonel James F. Meline, author of “Mary, Queen of Scots.”

them or weeps with them. There are some whose misfortunes uniformly make him sad. There are others over whose calamities he becomes radiant. He has no standard of justice, no ethical principle which estimates actions as they are in themselves, and not in the light of personal like or dislike of the actors."

This literary partisan, this champion of English conceit and English prejudice, came to America with the insane idea that he could persuade the people of this country that England was justified in her long series of oppressions, spoliations, and murders in Ireland; that Irishmen as such were incompetent for, and did not deserve the boon of, self-government; while as Catholics it was not only the duty of Great Britain to persecute them, but that Protestants of every clime should applaud and sustain her acts. In conformity with this scheme Mr. Froude delivered a course of lectures on Irish and English history in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, and other



places of note, the tone and tendency of which cannot be better described than in the words of — distinguished American of no Irish or Catholic proclivities :

“Then, when you turn to Ireland,” said Wendell Phillips before a Boston audience, “every statement, I think, of the Englishman is false—false in this sense : that it clutched at every idle tale which reflected on Ireland, while it subjected to just and merciless scrutiny every story that told against England. He painted the poverty, the anarchy, the demoralization, the degradation of Ireland for the last three centuries, as if it stood only exceptional in Europe ; as if every other kingdom was bright, and this was the only dark and disgusting spot on that portion of the globe ; whereas he knew, and would not, if questioned, have denied, that the same poverty, the same reckless immorality, the same incredible ignorance, which he attributed to the population of Ireland, was true

of France of that day, true of England at the same period, and truer still of Scotland at every date that he named. And then, when he came to the public men of Ireland, he painted them as monsters of corruption, steeped in the utmost subserviency, in the most entire readiness to traffic for votes and principles; that, all that being granted, these men were only toiling and panting in their narrow capacity to lift themselves up to the level of the corruption of their English brothers."

While Fronde's slanders, from their very virulence, defeated the object they were designed to subserve, there were some of the less informed people among us inclined to believe them true as long as they remained uncontradicted. Many of Father Burke's friends, therefore, requested him to answer them from the rostrum, and he, not without reluctance, being averse to all controversy, consented. Accordingly, he prepared, and delivered in New York, a course of five lectures

on the history of Ireland from the Anglo-Norman invasion to the present day. His audience on each occasion was immense, and as his lectures were pretty fully reported in the press, and thus scattered far and wide, they produced a profound impression throughout the entire country. In point of dignity and courtesy the Irish monk had greatly the advantage of the English historian, while it was admitted by all but the most prejudiced that in candor of statement, fulness of facts, close analysis, and cogent reasoning he was vastly his superior.

As an illustration of Father Burke's portraiture of leading historical characters, we place before the reader the following passages :

#### HENRY II.

“ It is said [Pope] Adrian gave the rescript, and did not know the man he gave it to. But Alexander knew him well ! Henry, in 1159 and 1166, sup-

ported the anti-popes against Alexander, and, according to Matthew of Westminster, King Henry II. obliged every one in England, from the boy twelve years of age to the old man, to renounce his allegiance to Alexander III. and to go over to the anti-popes. Now, is it likely that Alexander would give him a rescript, telling him to go to Ireland and settle the ecclesiastical matters there? Alexander himself wrote to Henry, and said to him: ‘Instead of remedying the disorders caused by your predecessors, you have added prevarication to prevarication; you have oppressed the church, and endeavored to destroy the canons of apostolical men.’

“Such is the man that Alexander sent to Ireland to make the Irish people good. According to Mr. Froude, the Irish never loved the pope till the Normans taught them! . . . It was this man who was sent over as an apostle of morality to Ireland; he was the man accused of violating the betrothed wife of his own

son, Richard I.; a man the mention of whose crimes will not bear repetition; a man who was believed by Europe to be possessed by the devil; a man of whom it is written ‘that when he got into a fit of anger he tore off his clothes, and sat naked, chewing straw like a beast!’ Furthermore, is it likely that a pope who knew him so well, who suffered so much from him, would have sent him to Ireland—the murderer of bishops, the robber of churches, the destroyer of ecclesiastical liberty, and of every form of liberty that came before him? No, I never will believe that the Pope of Rome was so very short-sighted, so unjust, as, by a stroke of his pen, to abolish and destroy the liberties of the most faithful people who ever bowed down in allegiance to him.”

#### HENRY VIII.

“Was Henry VIII. an upholder of the law? Was he obedient to the law?

I deny it, and I have the evidence of all history to back me up in that denial; and I brand Henry VIII. as one of the greatest enemies of freedom and law that ever lived in this world, and consequently one of the greatest tyrants. My friends, I shall only give you one example out of ten thousand which might be taken from the history of the time. When Henry VIII. broke with the pope, he called up his subjects to acknowledge him—bless the mark!—as spiritual head of the church. There were three abbots of the Charter-houses in and near London who refused to acknowledge Henry as the supreme visible head of the church. He had them arrested and held for trial, and he had a jury of twelve citizens of London to sit upon them. Now, the first principle of English law, the grand palladium of English legislation and freedom, is perfect liberty of the jury. The jury in any country must be perfectly free, not only from every form of coercion over

them, but even their own prejudice. They must be free from any prejudgment of the case ; they must be perfectly impartial and perfectly free to record the verdict at which their impartial judgment has arrived. Those twelve men refused to convict the three abbots of high treason, and they grounded their refusal upon this : ‘Never,’ they said, ‘has it been uttered in England that it was high treason to deny the spiritual supremacy of the king. It is not law, and therefore we cannot find these men guilty of high treason.’ What did Henry do ? He sent word to the jury that if they did not find the three abbots guilty, he would visit them with the same penalties which he had intended for the prisoners. . . . Was this man Henry a respecter of conscience ? Again, out of ten thousand instances of his contempt for liberty of conscience, let me select one. He ordered the people of England to change their religion. He ordered them to give up that grand

system of dogmatic teaching which is in the Catholic Church, where every man knows what to believe and what to do. And what religion did he offer them instead? He did not offer them Protestantism; for Henry VIII. never was a Protestant, and to the last day of his life, if he had only been able to lay his hands upon Martin Luther, he would have made a toast of him. He heard Mass up to the day of his death, and after his death there was a solemn High Mass over his inflated corpse—a solemn High Mass that the Lord might have mercy on his soul. Ah! my friends, some other poor soul, I suppose, got the benefit of it. What religion did he offer the people of England? He simply came before them and said: ‘Let every man in this land agree with me; whatever I say, that is religion.’ More than this, his Parliament—a slavish Parliament, every man of which was afraid of his life—passed a law making it high treason not only to disagree with the



king in anything he believed, but making it high treason for any man to dispute anything that the king should ever believe in a future time. He was not only the enemy of conscience; he was the annihilator of conscience. ‘I am your conscience, he said to the nation; I am your infallible guide in all things that you are to believe, in all things you are to do; and if any man sets up his own conscience against me, he is guilty of high treason, and I will shed his heart’s blood.’”

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

“I am not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a monk; not only a monk, but a Dominican monk; and from out the depths of my soul I repel and repudiate the principle of religious persecution for any cause in any land. Oliver, the apostle of blessings to Ireland, landed in 1649. He besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Ar-

thur Ashton and by a brave garrison; and when he had breached the walls, when they found their position no longer tenable, they asked, in the military language of the day, that they would be spared and quarter given. That quarter was promised to all the men who ceased fighting and laid down their arms. 'All the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army promised quarter to such as should lay down their arms, and performed it as long as the place held out, which encouraged others to yield' (*Carte*). 'The soldiers threw down their arms upon a general offer of quarter' (*Clarendon*). 'Quarter was offered and accepted' (*Lingard*). The promise was observed till the town was taken. When the town was in his hands, Oliver Cromwell gave orders to his army for an indiscriminate massacre of the garrison, and of every man, woman, and child of that large city. The people, when they saw the soldiers slain around them, when they saw the men killed on every side,

when they saw the streets of Drogheda flowing with blood for five days, fled to the number of a thousand, aged men and women, and children and took refuge in the great church of St. Peter in Drogheda. Oliver Cromwell drew his army around that church, and out of that church he never allowed one of these thousand innocent people to escape alive. He then proceeded to Wexford, and there a certain commander of the garrison, named Stafford, admitted him into the city, and he massacred the people there again. Three hundred of the women of Wexford, with their little children, gathered around the great market-cross in the public square of the city; for they thought in their hearts, all terrible as he was, he would respect and save those who were under the sign of man's redemption; that he would spare all who were under the image of the rood. Oh! how vain the thought. Three hundred poor defenceless women screaming for mercy under the cross of

Jesus Christ, and Cromwell and his barbarous demons around them! He destroyed them, so as not to let one of those innocents escape, until his men were ankle-deep in the blood of the women of Wexford. He retired from Ireland, after having glatted himself with the blood of the people. He retired from Ireland, but he wound up his war by taking 80,000—and some say 100,000—human beings, and driving them down to the southern ports of Munster. He shipped 80,000, at the lowest calculation, to the sugar plantations of Barbadoes, there to work as slaves; and in six years' time, such was the treatment they received there that out of the 80,000 there were not twenty left. He collected 6,000 Irish boys—fair, beautiful, stripping youths—and put them in ships, and sent them also off to Barbadoes, there to languish and to die before they ever came to the fulness of their age and of their manhood. O great God! is this the man, is *this* the man, who has an apolo-

gist in the learned, frank, generous, and gentlemanly historian who comes in oily words to tell the American people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men that ever lived, and one of the best friends Ireland ever had ? ”

Such are some of the pen-and-ink portraits of the persecutors of the Irish people. They are drawn with a bold hand, but with strict historical fidelity. Indeed, it would be hard to distort or exaggerate the features of the originals, so far did the reality of their cruelty, bestiality, and hypocrisy exceed the wildest tales of fiction or the inventions of romance. In closing his lectures on Irish history, Father Burke made some allusions to the probable future of Ireland and America which are well worthy of serious consideration. After alluding to the friendship which has existed so long between his native land and France, he said :

“ But there is another nation that understands Ireland, and has proved

that she understands her; her statesmen have always spoken words of bright encouragement, and tender sympathy, and of manly hope to Ireland in her darkest days; and that nation is the United States of America. That mighty land, placed by Omnipotent hand between the far east on the one side, to which she stretches out her glorious arm over the broad Pacific, while on the other side she sweeps with her left hand over the Atlantic and touches Europe; the mighty land enclosing in her splendid bosom untold resources of every form of commercial and other wealth; the mighty land with room for three hundred millions of men; with millions of oppressed ones from all the world ever flying to her more than imperial bosom, there to find liberty and the sacred right of civil and religious freedom. Is there not reason to suppose that in that future which we cannot see to-day, but which lies before us, America will be to the whole

world what Rome was in the ancient days, what England was a few years ago : the great storehouse of the world, the great ruler—pacific ruler, by justice—of the whole world ; her manufacturing power dispensing from out her mighty bosom all the necessities and all the luxuries of life to the whole world around her ? She may be destined, and I believe she is, to rise rapidly into that gigantic power that will overshadow all other nations. When that conclusion does come to pass, what is more natural than that Ireland—then, I will suppose, mistrees of her destinies—should turn and stretch all the arms of her sympathy and love across the intervening waves of the Atlantic, and be received, an independent state, into the mighty confederation of America ? ”

It is unnecessary to state that sentiments such as the above found a ready echo in the hearts of the thousands who listened to the enthusiastic, patriotic monk, and that seeds of reflection not

lightly or thoughtlessly sown will in good time spring into life and become fruitful. But Father Burke was not content to vindicate the reputation of his motherland from the foul aspersions cast on her, before the huge assemblies who had the good fortune to hear him. Besides the two large volumes of sermons and lectures, on various subjects, which were published under his inspection, he has left us a precious souvenir in a smaller work entitled "Ireland's Case Stated," which contains in full his reply to Froude. We know of no compendium of Irish history more ably written, more reliable as an authority, or constructed with greater simplicity of style and artistic arrangement.

After remaining several months in the United States, the eloquent Dominican, worn down by fatigue and exhausted from continual speaking, took his departure for his home amid the regrets and good wishes of millions of admirers. His visit here was an unin-



interrupted tour of hard work, travelling night and day to keep his numerous appointments, and addressing vast audiences in great churches or public halls. But when he left our shores, though enfeebled in health, he must have been agreeably conscious that his visit had been useful and his success complete. Since his return to Ireland his health has been thoroughly restored, and his time, as usual, devoted to the objects for which his order was primarily established, with his wonted vigor and zeal. His sermon at the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, some two years ago, in point of ability and power, has given not only assurance to his myriads of friends in the United States that he has lost none of his freshness and force by his western trip, but also that they may hope to see and hear him once again on this side of the Atlantic.

VERY REV. JOHN HUGHES,

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

IN future ages, when the early history of the Catholic Church on the continent of America will be referred to; when the trials, struggles, contumelies, and persecutions which everywhere beset the professors of the ancient faith in the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century are described as things of remote antiquity; when the names of the minor actors, among the persecutors and the persecuted alike, will have been forgotten, and only the memory of the really great figures in the drama will be preserved, foremost among the latter will undoubtedly be that of John Hughes, the zealous, fearless, and combative Archbishop of New York. Though, strictly speaking, not one of

the earliest prelates in the infant church in the United States, nor the most remarkable for erudition or accomplishments even among his contemporaries, Bishop Hughes was by nature and training so admirably adapted to the sphere in which he was placed and to the times in which he lived, and withal used his opportunities so well and so effectively for the cause of religion, that the impression he has made on the history of the whole country will not be effaced for centuries to come.

This remarkable man, this gallant soldier of the church militant, the son of an humble Irish farmer, was born near Augher, in the County Tyrone, Ireland, June 24, 1797. He was, it seems, early intended for the priesthood, and his youthful education was directed to that effect; but the melancholy condition of Ireland after the abortive insurrection of '98, and the destruction of the native Parliament two years subsequently; the general apathy and debasement

of the people which followed, as well as the complete stagnation of business, not only prevented the elder Hughes from giving his son proper facilities for qualifying himself for admission into college, but eventually drove him, like so many others, from home and country for ever.

In 1816 Mr. Hughes, Sr., landed in this country and settled at Chambersburg, Pa., and was shortly after followed by his family. With a promptness and spirit which ever characterized the future archbishop, the moment of his arrival he entered into the spirit of American life and energy ; and, as the only method of industry with which he was familiar was gardening, he lost no time in seeking that kind of employment, and found it. We are aware that, in after years, when his voice was as potent in the national councils as it was in his own congregation of St. Patrick, this fact was more than once brought out in vain attempts to lessen his influence or detract from his grand intellectual

qualities; but we are not informed that the great archbishop ever paid the least attention to such miserable attacks. No one knew better than he that most of the great men of our country, native and adopted—those who not only laid broad and deep the foundations of our institutions, but who have since reared upon them the greatest republic of ancient or modern times—were in their youth and early manhood devoted to hard, stern, physical toil, sacrificing the leisure which others reserved for pleasure or repose to their insatiable thirst for mental improvement.

This was certainly the case with young Mr. Hughes, who, whether delving or digging, pruning or transplanting, had his mind continually fixed on one object—admission to the sacred ranks of the Catholic priesthood. With this end in view he made arrangements with the authorities of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, by which he was to take care of their garden grounds, and receive

in return board, lodging, and private tuition. The president of the college at that time was Rev. John Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York, the predecessor, colaborer, and lifetime friend of the strange young gardener thus so singularly received under his protection.

This arrangement seems to have worked well. An opportunity once presented, John Hughes was not the person to neglect it. He worked at his books with might and main, without neglecting for a moment his part of the contract ; and so diligently did he pursue his studies that, though he only entered in November, 1819, at the commencement of the autumn course of 1820 he was admitted into one of the regular classes, and embarked on his long voyage of intellectual discovery.

That it was prosecuted with energy, diligence, and to the satisfaction of his superiors there can be little doubt. In fact, many of those who were contemporary students with him spoke, long years

after, of Mr. Hughes's college career with the greatest respect, and even admiration. His chief traits of character, it seems, as then exhibited, were untiring application, regularity, cheerfulness, and a fondness for indulging in a certain kind of dry, caustic humor, which, being never personal or ill-natured, was always sure to provoke mirth and laughter, while clinching an argument or confounding an adversary.

In 1825 he received minor orders, and on the 15th of October of the following year he was ordained a priest in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, by the Right Rev. Bishop Conwell of that diocese. After a short stay at St. Augustine's Church, he was appointed to the mission of Bedford, Pa., where, however, he remained but a few weeks before being recalled to Philadelphia and assigned to St. Mary's.

A great deal of scandal had been given to the entire Catholic community by the conduct of a degraded priest

named Hogan, formerly pastor of that church, supported by a small but noisy portion of the congregation; and it was hoped by the good and venerable bishop that a man of Father Hughes's zeal and energy might succeed in bringing order out of chaos, and in reducing the rebellious to proper obedience. But the evil was too deep-seated and chronic for even his skill. The church had finally to be closed, and the young pastor was removed to St. Joseph's.

Now commenced in earnest the labors of the zealous priest. St. Joseph's, though not a large building, had an extensive congregation, composed principally of the laborious and hard-worked poor. Many of the adults were uninstructed, save in the essential doctrines of their faith; not a few were destitute of the commonest necessities of life; while numbers of children were wholly neglected both in a spiritual and temporal sense. To alleviate, if he could not completely cure, this combination of



evils became the duty of Father Hughes. He was incessant in his teaching and visitations; while, as a preacher, so earnest and impressive were his sermons, so clear, warm, and eloquent became his appeal, whether in the cause of charity, the denunciation of sin and vice, or in defence of the doctrines and practices of the church, that his fame as a pulpit orator soon spread not only over the second city in America, but far beyond it. At that time, and long after, Philadelphia was the hotbed of that miserable faction subsequently known as Nativists and Know-nothings. While the rank and file of that most un-American clique confined their petty persecutions to the workshop and the engine-house, the sectarian preachers thundered forth from their "desks" every Sunday the vilest calumnies, the foulest misrepresentations, and the bitterest invectives against everything held holy and sacred by Catholics. Some of the less disreputable of these were taken up and dealt with by

Father Hughes in a manner so thorough and incisive that not only was his own congregation highly delighted, but the better portion of the Protestant community repeatedly congratulated him on his efforts in the cause of true Christian peace and charity.

There was no Catholic orphan asylum in Philadelphia at the time of which we write, and great hardship and suffering consequently prevailed among the poor little waifs who, left without parents, were exposed to starvation on one hand and proselytism on the other. In 1829, therefore, Father Hughes established St. John's Male Orphan Asylum, an institution which was a success from the beginning, and now stands in the foremost rank of similar charities in America. Nearly four hundred poor children, the most helpless portion of any community, find shelter, food, and instruction within its walls; and doubtless many a fervent prayer often goes up from their young, unpolluted hearts for the soul of

him who first conceived the idea, and put it into practical effect, of thus providing a perpetual home for the little ones whom the world is only too apt to forget.

The energetic priest's next step was to build St. John's Church, a very spacious edifice, situated in what was then a very populous part of the city. It was finished in 1832, and under his charge became the principal Catholic church in Philadelphia. The reputation of the pastor was already so fully established that as soon as it was opened it was filled to overflowing. Still, he was not satisfied. His coreligionists had no newspaper through which to express their views and defend their opinions before the public. All the local journals, big and little, were openly or covertly against them; so in 1833 he established the *Catholic Herald*, one of the first Catholic papers published in the United States, and for many years one of the best and most judiciously conducted. The immediate cause of the

appearance of this publication was a controversy which had sprung up the previous year between a Mr. Breckenridge, an able and respectable Protestant minister, and the pastor of St. John's. The former wrote in the columns of the *Presbyterian*, while the latter, who had no organ, with his usual promptitude resolved to make one, and did so.

The controversy was carried on for a long time with great vigor, ability, and courtesy on both sides, and ended in the complete discomfiture of the champion of dissent. But though vanquished, Mr. Breckenridge did not consider himself completely overthrown ; for a couple of years afterwards we find the controversy renewed in the form of a regular oral discussion, and with a similar result. These exciting episodes in the life of the great archbishop, though not productive of much good—polemics seldom are—had certain beneficial results. They gave the Catholics more courage and dignity, and a better appreciation of

their own strength and importance ; while they placed before the Protestant public a fair, candid, and full explanation of the tenets taught by the church. If they did not produce conviction in the hearts of our dissenting fellow-citizens, they took from them the excuse of ignorance, and to some extent the power of misrepresentation.

As early as 1829 Father Hughes's name had been mentioned in connection with the episcopate, and on one or two occasions subsequently, but for some special reasons his elevation to the episcopal dignity was delayed. However, in 1837 he was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Dubois of New York, and in January of the following year he was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, under the title of Bishop of Basiliopolis, *in partibus infidelium*.

As his old pastor and professor of St. Mary's—still his superior, but now his friend—was well advanced in years, and his health, never very robust, was fast

giving way under the accumulation of age and physical sufferings, Dr. Hughes, in 1839, received full powers of administration; and when, three years afterwards, in December, 1842, the venerable Dr. Dubois was called to his great reward, he became full bishop of the diocese of New York, then, as now, the most important ecclesiastical division of the church on this continent. It is a noteworthy fact that the city of New York alone, which thirty years ago comprised a very small portion of the territory known as the diocese of that name, now contains more practical Catholics than any city in the world.

The diocese of New York, when Bishop Hughes assumed the administration of its affairs, embraced not only the State of New York, but New Jersey also, thus covering the vast area of territory where so many flourishing dioceses now exist. Its churches were comparatively few and scattered, sometimes hundreds of miles apart. The

clergy were, of course, also limited in number, and usually overtasked; those in the rural districts having frequently to attend to missions that necessitated their constant movement in order to enable them to visit their parishioners even once a month to administer the sacraments. In all that extensive region there was neither college nor seminary, free nor charitable school for the children of the poor. Few convent schools existed for the daughters of the rich; and there were only three or four asylums and charitable institutions of all descriptions, and those small, cramped, and languidly supported. Even in the city of New York the churches were generally rude, badly-constructed, and fragile edifices.

Again, the spirit of the Catholic population was far from being as manly or self-asserting as it has since become. The Irish, who constituted the bulk of it, belonged to the pre-emancipation generation; and though they had es-

caped the ferocity of the Orangeman and the stupidity of the tithe-gatherer, they had not been able to leave behind them that innate sense of inferiority and moral timidity which centuries of persecution had infused into their very marrow.

To supply those deficiencies, to awaken a new life in the Catholics of his diocese, and to place them in all respects on a footing of equality with their sectarian fellow-citizens, was the herculean task which the new coadjutor and administrator assigned to himself. His first step was to establish St. John's College, at Fordham, in Westchester County, N. Y., to which for many years a diocesan seminary was also attached. This institution, ever since its foundation, has been of incalculable benefit to the young Catholics not only of the North but of all parts of the United States, Mexico, West Indies, and South America. In addition to the hundreds of its alumni who now adorn the episcopate and the



priesthood, it has sent into the world thousands of young men well and solidly educated, and thoroughly imbued with sound Catholic doctrine and morality, the extent of whose salutary influence on general society is beyond calculation.

Bishop Hughes next turned his attention to the state of education among the poorer classes in the city of New York, and particularly to the common-school system. As the public free schools were then conducted under what was known as the Public School Society, they were nothing better than proselytizing dens, traps to catch the souls of unwary Catholic children. Everything about them was Protestant. The teachers, the books, the prayers, and the exercises were all Protestant. From the principals to the janitors, from the "History of the Universe" to the babes' primer, sectarianism, anti-popery, fanaticism, and bigotry lived, moved, and had their being in, around, and about those so-called free public schools.

So completely were they steeped in exclusiveness that at first Dr. Hughes despaired of reforming them, and, conceiving the idea of the establishment of parish free schools for Catholics, made an effort to obtain for his coreligionists a portion of the money devoted to general educational purposes. A petition was sent to the New York Common Council—who had then the disposition of the school fund—in the autumn of 1840, setting forth the manifest injustice of the public-school system as then carried out, and a hearing was demanded. This being granted, a memorable debate took place in October, which lasted two days; but though the arguments and facts adduced on the side of the Catholics ought to have been irresistible, the prejudice and moral cowardice of the times were so potent that the city fathers, either through bigotry or fear, refused to grant the prayer of the petitioners.

That debate, which was not without

its good results, presented a sight never before witnessed in New York, or perhaps in any other city. On one side were five Protestant ministers, selected by their respective denominations for their supposed knowledge of educational matters, eloquence, skill in debate, and logical acumen; and supporting them were eminent lawyers employed by the Public School Society, whose grasp on the public money it was proposed to loosen. Against all this array of clerical talent and legal knowledge the coadjutor bishop of New York stood alone, meeting all their points, confounding their arguments, and exposing the hollowness and fallacy of their propositions. Each in turn received due attention at his hands, and one after another went down, metaphorically at least, before his powerful and well-directed blows.

The decision of the Common Council having been against the bishop, he determined to appeal to the authority

of the State ; and as neither of the two great political parties of the day, Whigs nor Democrats, dared endorse his views, he induced the Catholic voters to nominate a ticket of their own in the campaign of 1841, that, thus holding the balance of power, they might be able to dictate terms to both. In this political contest he not only organized, advised, and aided the new movement with his pen, but night after night made Carroll Hall (now St. Andrew's Church, N. Y.) ring again with his stirring appeals and his masterly arguments in favor of free education for his co-religionists, untrammelled by sectarian bigotry and anti-Catholic teaching. It was a bold stroke, deserving of success ; and it won it. The Public School Society ceased to exist ; from being a matter of local concern free education passed under the control of the State ; nearly all the objectionable features of the old system were effaced ; and for whatever is good in the public schools

of to-day we are indebted to Bishop Hughes' gigantic exertions on that occasion. Gratitude requires that we should mention that in his desperate struggles against intolerance and hypocrisy the distinguished Catholic prelate had two most efficient Protestant supporters—William H. Seward, one of the most consistent and distinguished of our modern statesmen, and Horace Greeley, the greatest of American journalists.

But Bishop Hughes was not content with thus emancipating the public schools from the control of local fanatics and bigots; he knew well that education, to be a living, active principle, must include not only mental but moral development, and that that moral development could only be obtained by associating religious with intellectual daily training. He had succeeded in rendering the state schools negatively harmless by excluding as much as possible anti-Catholic practices and books;

he now conceived the design of establishing free schools that would be positively Catholic and moral. He therefore set to work to have a free school attached to every church in his diocese; and though he did not live to see the full fruition of his hopes, we of the present day can point with commendable pride to the number, extent, and efficiency of the Catholic parochial schools in which New York and its vicinity abound. In 1842 the number of those schools were few indeed; in 1876 New York City alone had fifty-five. The pupils in the former year were reported at less than three thousand; there are now considerably over thirty thousand boys and girls receiving a sound, moral, gratuitous education in those schools, the creation, and to a great extent the work, of one great and zealous man.

One of the secrets of Bishop Hughes' success was the admirable manner with which he adapted the means to the end

in view. To supervise his colleges and seminary he introduced the Jesuits, those master trainers of the human mind; to direct his parochial schools and seminaries for boys, he invited the Christian Brothers to take up their abode among us. Under his guiding hand the Sacred Heart Convent at Manhattanville became one of the most magnificent homes of female learning not only on this continent but throughout Christendom, while the Ursulines, Sisters of Notre Dame, Sisters of Charity, and other teaching orders of less ambitious aims were always sure of a hearty welcome and ready, practical encouragement.

When he first assumed the administration of the diocese, he found that its two great wants were money and missionaries. As these could not be obtained here, he went to Europe in 1839-40 to procure them, and was singularly fortunate in having his wants supplied. His next trip across the Atlantic was in the

winter of 1845, and for a different purpose. He spent some five months travelling through Ireland and England, and on the Continent, and his observations on the moral, social, and political condition of those countries at that time show that his acuteness of perception was equal to his soundness of judgment. On his return to New York he delivered a most interesting discourse on the result of his tour, of which an imperfect synopsis alone remains. His remarks on French society prove that he was among the first to recognize the remarkable religious revolution which, about thirty years ago, began to influence all ranks and classes in that noble country, and which has since borne such excellent fruit. Says a contemporary report:

“The bishop spoke of the French revolution and the peculiar struggles to which Christianity had been subjected to regain a hold upon the hearts of a people who, for two generations, had been educated without any idea of reli-



gion, and taught to ridicule and condemn it. Yet God seemed to have adapted the spirit in the hearts of his children to the specific wants of the place and time. The young men of France, many of them of the highest class and belonging to the learned professions, were united in societies of conference for mutual edification, and they found that Christ, in the persons of the poor, always surrounds the Catholic on every side. They divided the land into districts: they found out and ministered to sufferings, they visited the sick, they sustained the weak, and advised the young, thus saving thousands from the baneful influences of licentiousness and infidelity which are diffused in the seductive guise of 'philosophy.' He had witnessed with admiration the devoted zeal which animated great numbers of the faithful everywhere in Europe; which impelled thousands of delicate and high-born women to dedicate themselves to the service of God wher-

ever he should call them—either in ministering in hospitals and haunts of wretchedness at home, or setting forth joyfully to spend their lives in missions among the savages of the Cape of Good Hope or the more degraded convicts of Australia. There was one association of Catholics, voluntarily consecrated to labor, who pray for the conversion of the world, which now numbers nine or ten millions of members. And the fruits of those extensive and unusual efforts were already visible, not only in the general increase of faith, zeal, and piety, but in numerous and remarkable conversions of the infidel or indifferent, which had in some cases been so sudden and surprising as to give rise to a belief in the direct and special interposition of the invisible Head of the church in their behalf. Whatever may be thought on this subject, the influences of such efforts cannot be doubted by any sincere Christian. The bishop instanced as one cheering fact a great change in the faith

and deportment of the laboring classes of Paris, who were formerly almost to a man infected by the infidel philosophy, and whose Sundays were consequently spent in revelling and sensual indulgence. So great has been the change among them that *eighteen thousand* had become members of a single church, and many more were preparing to follow their example."

Of the celebrated "Oxford movement," which was the means under Providence of bringing so many distinguished English scholars into the church, he gave the following succinct history :

"The bishop spoke of the opportunity he had on this visit for the first time enjoyed of making the acquaintance of some of the Oxford divines, whose writings and conduct in renouncing their wealthy and powerful positions as members of the Church of England, and uniting with the Catholic Church, had created a sensation throughout the

civilized world. He found them eminently meek, simple, godly men, who could not appreciate the surprise which had been so widely manifested at their renunciation of worldly honors and luxuries in obedience to the dictates of conscience, and to whose deep humility the interest and admiration they had so generally excited seemed unaccountable. He learned from them in conversation that the movement which had resulted in their conversion had been preceded by no agitation, no discussion of doctrinal difference, but originated rather among the students, formerly notorious as a body for licentiousness and indifference to religion, but among whom, about twenty years since, arose a spirit of regularity and moral elevation, of devotion and prayer—a pining for thorough consecration of heart and life to God. Thence grew naturally the practice of confessing their sins—a practice fast becoming common, if not general, in the English Church—and si-

lently, irresistibly there grew up within their souls a consciousness of the great reality of the sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist and of the real presence of Christ therein—a consciousness founded on the necessity of these great truths, their own spiritual satisfaction and well-being. Many of them had never made the acquaintance of a Catholic up to the time that they renounced all worldly advantages for their souls' sake, and found that most of their old friends had fallen away from them; while some of the professors and students had visited the Continent, and were deeply impressed with the serenity, sweetness, and thorough freedom from earthly passion or care which they witnessed in the houses of the religious orders there, and which they have themselves measurably attained in the bosom of the church."

Previous to this transatlantic voyage Bishop Hughes had to meet and defeat the most formidable political movement that up to that time had been or-

ganized against the rights of Catholics and adopted citizens. This was the "Nativist" agitation, that made the year 1844 disgraceful in the annals of America.

For some months previously the very worst elements of society, ignorant, native Protestants, Irish Orangemen, and infidels of all nationalities, had banded themselves in a secret, sworn society to malign the Catholic priesthood, slander the nuns and religious orders, and to plunder the churches and massacre their protectors. This conglomeration of scoundrels had the audacity to call themselves the "Native American Party," and to avow their intention of driving from political power and of depriving of their civic rights all Catholics and citizens of foreign birth.

But bad as were their ostensible aims, their secret purpose was even worse, and this was speedily developed in Newark, Philadelphia, and other places. In the summer of 1844 a fearful riot broke out

in the latter city, during which two Catholic churches were given to the flames, hundreds of private dwellings were destroyed, over twenty Catholic citizens were murdered with fiendish atrocity, and many more maimed or otherwise wounded. The thrill of horror which ran through the entire American community at the news of this heinous crime was intense; but the Nativists of New York, so far from condemning the acts of their fellows in Philadelphia, called a public meeting to sympathize with them, and even took steps to repeat on a larger scale in New York what had already sunk in infamy the metropolis of Pennsylvania.

In the face of this danger the conduct of Bishop Hughes was cool, resolute, and decisive. The *Freeman's Journal*, at that time edited by Mr. Eugene Casserly, was looked upon as the organ of the bishop. When the news from Philadelphia was received, and the designs of the New York fanatics became ap-

parent, an article appeared in that newspaper calling on all Catholics to arm and defend their churches, declaring that the first attempt to molest a Catholic house of worship or charitable institution would be considered the signal for the destruction of every Protestant edifice in the city. This article, though neither written nor directly suggested by Dr. Hughes, reflected, in part at least, his sentiments, and, this becoming known, the miscreants paused in their career of intended rapine and sacrilege. The city authorities also, who had been inclined to truckle to the Nativists, took alarm and proceeded with vigor to take measures to preserve the public peace. The projected meeting was not held, the fanatics, cowed, shrank back into their secret lodges, and the fair fame of New York was preserved, mainly through the undaunted courage of the brave ecclesiastic.

From the beginning of his episcopate the churches of his diocese and their



discipline were objects of special attention with Dr. Hughes. In many of the congregations of New York the mischievous and un-Catholic system of lay trusteeship prevailed. There never was a plan devised better calculated to ensure discord among the laity and hostility between the flock and the shepherd. In most large assemblages of men there are to be found a few, a small clique, who have more vanity than sense, and a greater desire to gratify their own petty wishes than to advance the general good. Give such persons any little authority or influence, particularly in church affairs, and dissensions and heart-burnings are sure to follow.

Such, certainly, was the case with the lay trustees of St. Patrick's, St. Peter's, St. James's, and other churches when Bishop Hughes came to New York; but by the exercise of his episcopal authority with moderation and firmness, he soon disposed of these quarrelsome coteries, and placed the church property

where it ought to be—under the absolute control of the ordinary of the diocese, and in his name on the public records.

Many years afterwards this salutary change gave rise to one of the most acrimonious and exciting politico-religious controversies in our history.

In 1854 the old Nativist faction was revived under the more appropriate name of "Know-nothings." Though ultimately defeated, it exercised during the first year of its existence considerable political power, and among its other crimes it elected to the State Senate a worthless, needy adventurer named Erastus Brooks, who, with his brother, was part owner and editor of the *New York Express*. This disreputable newspaper was fast sinking into oblivion when the Know-nothings came to the surface, and by espousing their cause, by daily filling its columns with the most outrageous falsehoods and calumnies on Catholics and adopted citizens, it succeeded in attracting public attention, and was thus

saved from utter extinction. With one brother in the editorial chair grinding out lies and slanders, and another at Albany giving them official currency, the Brookses not only contrived to resuscitate the *Express*, but actually to make money and become "respectable."

As might have been expected, Bishop Hughes was a prominent object of attack. The Know-nothing editors were ambitious and aimed at high game. "Senator" Brooks discovered that all the church property in New York stood in the name of plain John Hughes, and, in his solicitude for the temporal interests of his Catholic fellow-citizens, he proclaimed from his seat in the Senate that in case the said John Hughes should die intestate, or during his lifetime should, by deed or other conveyance, grant the church property aforesaid to any one he chose, then the said property, together with its appurtenances, etc., etc., would irrevocably be lost to the Catholic body of New York.

But the Catholics of New York knew very well the object which Senator Brooks had in view in coming unasked to champion their cause; they were well aware that the organist of the Know-nothings would see, with as much pleasure as Nero witnessed the burning of Rome, every church, convent, and Catholic school in the city given over to the torch of the incendiary, and to the plunder of his worthy constituents of dark-lantern notoriety. They therefore gave him little thanks.

Brooks tried another dodge—we have no other name for his tricks—but with equal want of success. The Catholic Church property, he asserted, was in reality not church but private property, standing in the name of a private individual, and therefore ought to be taxed. These base attempts to stir up dissensions among Catholics, and to excite the cupidity of the civic authorities, naturally aroused the ire of Dr. Hughes. Several long, able, and very interesting

letters appeared from his pen in complete refutation of the statements of the *Express* and its Know-nothing editors. All the documents relating to this affair were collected and published in a volume at the time, which will be found in the future a valuable contribution to contemporary history.

But while Bishop Hughes was thus protecting the temporal interests of the church in New York, he was equally mindful of the buildings in which the Creator was weekly and daily worshipped. When he came to New York the churches were few, and, with the exception of two or three, badly built and heavily in debt. All the means at his disposal he used to pay off those debts; and as the Catholic population increased, as it did enormously from 1845 to 1860, he afforded every encouragement to zealous young priests to enlarge and remodel the old structures, or, where necessary, to build new ones of superior design and materials. In 1858 he laid

the corner-stone of the new cathedral of St. Patrick, which, when finished, as it soon will be, according to the design which he accepted, will be the most splendid monument ever erected on this continent to commemorate the virtues and wisdom of one great man.

This grand edifice occupies the entire block between 5th and Madison Avenues, Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, and the ground whereon it stands is, with the exception of Washington Heights on the northwest, the highest part of the city. Its length is 332 feet, breadth of nave 132 feet, at transepts 174 feet, height of towers 328 feet. The singular but thoroughly Catholic importance which Bishop Hughes attached, not only to the erection of suitable temples to the Most High, but to the observance of all the ceremonies proper to the occasion, may best be inferred from the following eloquent passages taken from a dedication sermon preached by him at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in

1853, and which will be found new to most of our readers :

“It may be to many a subject of curiosity to understand why it is that so much of ceremony is used even in matters which appear to be of but ordinary import. It may be asked why are those Psalms chanted? why are those benedictions pronounced? why is the corner-stone sprinkled with holy water? All those things, appearing as a figure before the eye that is uninstructed in their meaning, must seem exceedingly strange, and to some minds either unintelligible or superstitious. Yet all those things have a meaning, and the first that I would suggest is that all those blessings and ceremonies have reference not so much to the rude material, which is utterly incapable of holiness, but to the end for which it is set apart. They have reference far more to the hearts and dispositions with which you and your children, your successors, shall enter into this house of the

living God, in holiness of purpose, in simplicity, and in purity; for God loves purity and abhors what is not pure. We do not, therefore, mean to say that stone or brick can be made holy.

“They are inanimate; nevertheless, they are consecrated to holy purposes, and for that reason, as well as to remind you that this is not to be a mere earthly-destined edifice, but a place which is to be sacred to the intercourse and communion which God has established between himself and immortal, living souls. There is still another reason; and you will not begin to conceive what is the meaning of the ritual if you forget that. It is a reason connecting itself with the very beginning of our race—it is a reason connecting itself with the redemption of our race; and that is that once, when God had created man in innocence and in perfection, no special benediction was necessary. This beautiful world—beautiful even now in its ruins, but then



much more so—was the temple in which God was the supreme object of adoration; and man—that innocent man, Adam—was the high-priest to interpret the adoration of all created things. The sun, the moon, the stars, the green earth, and the bounding ocean, all were dead, because man, innocent man alone, the first creature that God had produced in our form—he was the mystic interpreter, and he wafted back to his God the homage which all those objects rendered, but of which they themselves were utterly unconscious. But man fell from his innocence and purity, and now the holy temple became polluted. It was not that man alone was changed in his nature, that his intellect was darkened, that his heart became the seat of passion; but God, because he had been faithless to his trust as high-priest of this creation, reflected his guilt even on inanimate things.

“The Holy Scriptures tell us that

not only did the dumb animals change in their dispositions from quietness to ferocity, but the very earth itself was cursed in his work ; the sentence was pronounced on him and his posterity, and we witness even to this day the unceasing execution of that divine decree. From that period, therefore, to some extent, all creation fell—as far as that which is incapable of guilt in itself could fall—from its order and rank in the design of the universe. By the sin of Adam came death to the whole human race ; and then begins to open up the reason why we bless and consecrate things dedicated to divine worship. From that time God, however, did not leave his guilty creatures without a hope or a solace in their sin and degradation. No ; he promised a Redeemer to fallen man—a Messiah who would open up the way to their reconciliation with God—first in language obscure, but sufficiently distinct to enkindle a hope, as a bright ray on the distant horizon

of the future; and Adam's posterity cherished the hope and the belief that in one of his race again would be blessed this fallen world of ours. By connecting those two ideas together you behold the reason why, when anything is set apart to be appropriated to the divine Glory, it is as if it were taken from under the dominion, and the force, and consequence of Adam's sin, and restored in the fulness and benediction of the blessing of the Son of God. If you do not conceive that idea, you have little conception of the meaning of rites and ceremonies like these.

“God would have the homage of man; he would have it a free homage; a man would not be free unless he had the power of refusing his homage. This is the mystery; and this mystery, once admitted, furnishes the key and explanation to all the rest of the mysteries of our ho'y faith. It is easy to comprehend after this—when we know the infinite perfection of God—that in his

love and in his mercy he stooped to take our nature upon him, and in that nature to repair the injury, so far as regards our eternal inheritance, though not as regards the temporal inheritance of this disorder in the world. Then, connecting these two, you see there is a conformity between the revelation which is given either by the prophets, or which is recorded in the Scriptures, or repeated by the church with her universal voice from age to age—there is a harmony between this and the actual experience of every-day life; and it is only in connection with its doctrines that you can understand for a moment the nature of the evils with which mankind is afflicted. What is the meaning of the many scourges with which the race is troubled?—why pestilence, famine, wars, tempests, sickness and disappointments, sorrow and death? What is the meaning of all those things, if it be not an incontrovertible evidence of the consequence of sin—a practical revelation,

which even the infidel himself dare not deny? So when anything is taken from this physical order of the world, and set apart and appropriated to that higher order which Christ established on earth, it is, as it were, taken from under the malediction pronounced upon the world ages ago; and after it is so set apart, it is, to some extent, sacred. But there is another reason why these foundations should be sacred. It is because they rise by the voluntary offerings of the poor; it is because each corner-stone is the voluntary offering of those who thus manifest their faith in all the truths of their holy religion; it is because this edifice is to be dedicated to divine truth and holy prayer; it is, in short, because the whole scope of the Incarnation of the Son of God is to be comprehended within the limits of this edifice which is to be erected for the worship of our Almighty Creator."

In the meantime important ecclesiastical changes were taking place in the

vast diocese of New York. Catholicity was spreading with such gigantic strides that it was found impossible for one prelate, no matter how zealous, to supervise so extensive a field of labor. In 1847 the western part of the State was formed into the diocese of Buffalo under the charge of the late lamented Dr. Timon; and the central portion became the diocese of Albany, and was placed in charge of Right Rev. John McCloskey, the present Cardinal, who in 1843 had been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of New York. In 1850 the Holy See was pleased to appoint Dr. Hughes archbishop. In 1853 his immediate jurisdiction was further curtailed by the erection of the sees of Brooklyn and Newark.

Those subdivisions, while affording evidence of rapid progress, were in themselves sources of great growth and development. Under the immediate superintendence of the suffragan bishops churches, colleges, and academies sprang

up as if by magic ; hospitals, asylums, and other charitable institutions increased amazingly ; convents and schools multiplied, and new orders of men and women, each having its specific mission of charity and usefulness, were introduced. Nowhere in the history of the church since its foundation, except perhaps in the case of Ireland during the lifetime of St. Patrick, do we find such steady, continuous, and enormous growth in so short a period as that which marked the administration of Bishop Hughes. It is also a subject of deep congratulation that this increase in numbers and institutions, in private charity and public generosity, did not cease with his demise, but is still going on with even greater rapidity.

Admirable as was Archbishop Hughes' career as a soldier of the church and as the defender of his outraged countrymen, his conduct as a citizen of the republic was in its way equally worthy of early praise and imitation. He had

imbibed the spirit of our institutions, and to the last was a consistent, fearless, and patriotic defender of our laws. He long enjoyed the friendship and confidence of many of the leading men of both parties, and the respect of all. He was the first, and we believe the only, Catholic prelate who was ever invited to address either branch of Congress; and twice—in 1850 and 1862—our Government, without his knowledge, officially intimated to the court of Rome its desire to see Dr. Hughes elevated to the cardinalate.

During the Mexican war President Polk desired to send him as a peace envoy to Mexico, but he declined the offer, because he believed that the war had been begun without sufficient cause and in the interest of slavery—a system of which, though he never publicly opposed it, he had a decided abhorrence. But when, in 1861, foul Rebellion raised its crest, when the institutions so firmly fixed and so wisely framed by the



Revolutionary fathers were endangered, when the republic was threatened with dissolution, and humanity everywhere with an irreparable misfortune ; when it became necessary to counteract the influence of the rebel agents in Europe who were sowing broadcast the most wholesale falsehoods against the Union—then, in that supreme hour of the nation's peril, when the Secretary of State asked the good offices of the patriotic archbishop, his reply was no doubtful one. In six hours after the receipt of the despatch from Mr. Seward, Bishop Hughes was on board the steamship and on his way to Europe.

His mission was as prosperous as his zeal in the undertaking was great. He visited Ireland and England, explaining in private and public the actual condition of American affairs. He passed over to France, and held long private interviews with the emperor and empress on the same subject, and then journeyed to the Eternal City, where

his reception by his Holiness was of the most gratifying description. Everywhere he went, every word he spoke, carried conviction. His high character, his complete knowledge of the merits and demerits of the quarrel, and his clear, methodical manner of explaining his views and the objects of our Government were irresistible. The rebel emissaries were checkmated at all points, and much of the sympathy and moral support which the republic afterwards experienced from the people of Europe is due to his timely efforts on that critical occasion.

Dr. Hughes returned the following year to find the country still hopelessly at war. As far as his sacred office would permit, he set about encouraging enlistments and strengthening the hands of the authorities. Like Moses of old, while others fought he held up his hands in prayer. He was the first in this country, we believe, to enunciate the aphorism that the more men who

were sent to fight, the sooner the war would be terminated and the fewer lives would be lost. In 1863, when the draft riots occurred in New York, when the national authorities were weakened by the necessity of sending all their available forces against Lee, and the Governor of the State, unwilling or unable, failed to protect the lives and property of the citizens, Archbishop Hughes arose from his sick-bed, and, summoning before him such of his spiritual children as had participated in the riots or entertained sympathy for the malcontents, addressed them from the balcony of his residence in Madison Avenue with much of his old vehemence and eloquence. He did not put an end to the riots, it is true, for that had already been done by United States troops, but he made the repetition of them impossible.

This was the last public act of his life. After a lingering illness he calmly expired on the 3d day of January,

1864, surrounded by his faithful priests and sorrowing relatives. His death was looked upon as a national calamity, and the day of his interment was held as a *dies non* in the courts and public offices of New York.

The funeral of the archbishop took place on the 7th of January, the solemn High Mass of Requiem being celebrated in the old St. Patrick's Cathedral. From early morning the streets in the neighborhood of that venerable edifice were thronged with tens of thousands of afflicted Catholics—men, women, and children—who had begun to realize that they had lost a father and a protector. Within the spacious building every available space was occupied, a number of pews having been reserved for the civil and military officers of the General Government, the State and municipal authorities, and other distinguished persons. The chancel was filled with priests, most of whom had known the deceased arch-

bishop from boyhood, and had been the recipients of favors from his hands and wise counsel from his lips. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Albany, whom he had long looked upon as his successor, and who now, as a prince of the church, is so zealously and successfully engaged in carrying out the great works which his illustrious predecessor commenced.

The address of Dr. McCloskey was short, but so full of pathos, so replete with delicate allusions to the noble qualities of the departed prelate, so warm and heartfelt, yet withal so sorrowful, in praise of his services to religion and to humanity, that in all that vast and varied congregation there were few who did not shed tears copiously. Seldom has such an occasion for pulpit eloquence of the highest order been presented to the Catholics of any country, and more seldom still was justice so fully done to such a subject.

The sermon ended, the sobs of the

congregation subsided, the Mass was finished, and, borne on the shoulders of priests, the coffin which contained all that was mortal of the great archbishop was carried slowly and reverently through the church and deposited in the vaults beneath.

Archbishop Hughes, though a man of remarkable mental activity, and fond of study, has left to posterity no literary work of any magnitude. The incessant demands on his time, the multifarious duties inseparable from his office, deprived him of the leisure necessary to compose even one book worthy of his name; but since his death his principal sermons, pastoral letters, lectures, and speeches have been carefully collected and published in two large volumes. His controversy with Mr. Breckenridge and his discussions with "Kirwan," Brooks, and others have also been issued in book form. Many of his best sermons and speeches, however, were never written out or reported

*in extenso*, and some of them are only to be found in contemporary publications and newspapers. Still, this generation has enough of his intellectual productions in permanent shape to enable them to form a correct idea of the greatness of the man, of the invincible courage that characterized his assaults on ignorance, prejudice, and vice, and of the high resolve and superb dignity with which he upheld his nationality, the rights of his sacred office, and his faith.

## MOST REV. JOHN McHALE,

### ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

JOHN McHALE, the oldest priest and bishop in Ireland, and the most distinguished member of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, both as a patriot, a scholar, and a divine, was born at Tubbernavine, county of Mayo, in 1790. He was early destined for the priesthood, and, upon his ordination at Maynooth at the age of twenty-four, was appointed professor of dogmatic theology in that college—a tribute to his rare mental gifts and profound knowledge of sacred science very seldom rendered to one so young.

While thus filling the most important chair in the great Catholic seminary, unlike some other ecclesiastics who claim it as their *Alma Mater*, his atten-





ARCHBISHOP McHALE.



tion was not withdrawn for a moment from the sufferings of his countrymen, or from the degraded position they occupied in the eyes of Christendom. While O'Connell, Shiel, Lawless, and others were arousing the people to a sense of their strength and duties by speeches and harangues, Father McHale, from his study in Maynooth, under the *nom de plume* of "Hierophilos," was sowing broadcast through the press the seeds of that grand crop of ideas which grew up and bore fruit in 1829. Not only was he thoroughly in accord with the leading Catholic laymen of that day, but he went further than the most prominent, particularly on the sacrifice of the forty-shilling freeholders—a measure to which he was strenuously opposed. These letters, like those of the illustrious "J. K. L." (Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle), were very generally read and admired, and had a marked effect on public opinion.

In 1825 Dr. McHale was appointed

coadjutor of the see of Killala, with the title of Bishop of "Maronia," *in partibus infidelium*, and under this latter name, as well as the former, he wrote several controversial letters against the proselytizing and Bible societies, the Church Establishment, and kindred curses, under which Ireland has suffered so long. In two years after his consecration appeared his "Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church," a work of profound merit, which has run through several editions, and has been translated into French, German, and other Continental languages. He also found time to build a very fine cathedral at Ballina, and to commence what seems to be one of the principal labors of his long and useful life—the establishment of free schools conducted by Catholics and for Catholics.

Taking advantage of the lull in public feeling that followed the passage of the Act of Emancipation, Bishop McHale passed over to the Continent to

pay his homage to the Sovereign Pontiff, as well as to study the condition of Christian art, literature, and social polity at the centre of Christendom. While in Rome, in 1831, at the request of his Holiness, he preached a series of sermons in English so powerful in argument and so graceful in elocution that immediately on their completion they were translated into Italian and published by Monsignor Luca.

He likewise visited the principal Italian cities, such as Turin, Florence, Sienna, Naples, and Venice, and spent nearly two years in examining their magnificent basilicas, convents, schools of learning, art galleries, and antiquities. His account of this delightful journey, contained in several long and exceedingly interesting letters, shows that not only was he thoroughly conversant with all the classic reminiscences and recollections which hang round every spot, monument, and ruin of the fair and famous peninsula, but

that his views of the modern condition of the country, politically, morally, and intellectually, were those of an acute observer and an artist. Here is a description of St. Peter's and the Vatican as they appeared to him :

“I was scarcely an hour arrived when I hastened to St. Peter's to offer up my cold and imperfect prayers in unison with the incense of prayer and sacrifice which is daily ascending from that magnificent and holy temple to the throne of the Almighty. Its precincts were worthy of the majesty of the temple. The obelisk in front proclaimed the homage of the conquered arts and wealth of paganism to the spirit of Catholicity ; its refreshing fountains, continually playing in the sunbeams, were an emblem of its pure and perennial doctrine, flowing from the shrine of the apostles ; and its curved colonnades, stretching out on either side, most significantly represented the ardent and affectionate eagerness with which the

Catholic Church greets her children and cherishes them in her bosom. No sooner did I cross the threshold of the church than I felt what others are said to feel—the illusions of its folded perspective. As I advanced it appeared to be gradually unrolled, adjusting the harmonious size and position of the surrounding objects, until I stood under the stupendous dome, of which I had just seen the original model in the Pantheon: the one reposing on the earth, the masterpiece of pagan temples, and the other resting on lofty pillars penetrating to the heavens—the wondrous trophy of the Christian artist by whose skill and energy it was raised.

“Though the capital is rich in works of art, ancient and modern, it is distanced in competition by the splendor of the Vatican. To the church of St. Peter was it first indebted for the varied aggregate of unrivalled treasures which have been gradually gathered round it.

“The residence of the popes, transferred from the palace of the Lateran, led to the erection of its palaces, galleries, and magnificent saloons, in which were deposited the relics of ancient art disinterred by the zeal of antiquarians, encouraged and animated by the munificent patronage of its pontiffs. Poets and sculptors studied with assiduity these elegant models, and labored to rival their excellence by similar creations of their own. The relations which Rome holds to the world, collecting within its precincts more of historical and classical monuments than are spread over the earth, the Vatican Museum may be said to hold to Rome, condensing within its sanctuaries such a rare variety of exquisite treasures as might be said to rival, if not in number, at least in value, all the collections of this city. Without neglecting them, it is no wonder if my visits to the Vatican were more frequent than to any of the other churches and palaces of



Rome; nor is it until after repeated visits that you can find a clue through the labyrinth of their apartments, and become familiar with those master-pieces which must be frequently seen in order to be duly valued.

“To the four successive popes bearing the names of Clement and Pius the Vatican is justly indebted for its extensions, and their names are in a special manner associated with its magnificent museum. Accordingly, the saloons bearing their names, and appropriated to the representation of the chief events of their reigns, stretch out (such is the fate of all history) and occupy a large space as you come down. Still, whether the apartments be small or spacious, these objects, whether of painting or of sculpture, will always attract particular attention, which have already secured the suffrages of mankind. Such, amidst the monuments of ancient sculpture, are the Nile, with its attendant Nereids; the Laocoön, writhing in inexpressible

agony amidst the coiling and venomous embraces of the serpent; and, in fine, the Apollo, that cannot be rivalled, combining all the energy of the one sex with the graces of the other, and appropriately fixed in one of the furthest niches of the museum, as an object for attracting fresh admiration. Such among the paintings are the immortal frescoes of Raphael, still displaying the chief events of the inspired history on the ceilings of the galleries of the Vatican. Such are the other chambers appropriated by Julius the Second exclusively to his pencil and known by his name. Such, too, his fanciful Arabesques, borrowed from the baths of Titus, with which the walls of the galleries are decorated; and such, in fine, the awful picture, or rather group of pictures, of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, portraying a boldness from which a less daring spirit would have shrunk—the terrible scene of the Last Judgment, of the reality of which an

idea may be formed when its empty and shadowy representation cannot be contemplated without awe."

In May, 1834, Dr. McHale was appointed titular Bishop of Killala, and in August of the same year was translated to the archiepiscopal diocese of Tuam, one of the most ancient and extensive sees in Ireland. From the time of St. Patrick till the present, Tuam has always been distinguished, not only for the sanctity and ability of its incumbents, but for the consistent and undying love of country which under all circumstances characterized them.

Archbishop McHale was no exception to this long line of patriot priests; but while he took as active a part in national politics as the duties of his sacred profession would permit, he was thoroughly impressed with the fact that before a people can win and wear freedom they must be educated. To promote this great end, to place before the youth—male and female—within his spiritual

jurisdiction the means of obtaining a good, solid, religious training, he exercised all the powers of his high office and all his great personal influence. This has been one of his principal self-imposed tasks for over forty years, and the result is that now every church in the province of Tuam has a free school attached to it, besides fourteen convents for Franciscan monks, each with its school, and three large houses and schools for Christian Brothers, who count their pupils by thousands. St. Jarlath's College is also in a flourishing condition, while academies for young ladies and pay-schools for the children of the wealthier classes are not wanting.

When Archbishop McHale went to Tuam he found the cathedral commenced by his immediate predecessor, Archbishop Kelly, altogether incomplete. This he finished in a style of architectural beauty so as to render it one of the finest church buildings in Ireland. He has also had some of the

parish churches enlarged, repaired, and beautified, and, where necessary, new ones built; the latter, it is said, to the number of over one hundred.

When the Repeal agitation commenced in 1840, Dr. McHale was one of the first of the Irish prelates to join the movement; and when it sank and withered into nothingness in 1848, he was the last to desert it. His views on national subjects, always sound and sensible, were constantly expressed both through the press and at public meetings with great clearness and eloquence. So bold, indeed, was his advocacy of the right of the Irish people to legislate for themselves that he was felicitously styled by the *Liberator* "the Lion of the Fold of Juda." When, through the intrigues of the English Government in Rome, the Cardinal Prefect was induced to send a rescript to the Irish hierarchy, forbidding them and their priests from taking too prominent a part in the Repeal movement, the venerable Archbishop of

Tuam, while he bowed in all obedience to the spiritual authority of the Sacred College, was, with other prelates, satisfied that the document was based on false statements, and that at all events it was not intended to interfere with the political rights of ecclesiastics. A few days after its receipt he appeared at a Repeal banquet in Limerick, and delivered one of his most brilliant and forcible speeches. Subsequent information from the Papal Court showed the wisdom of his course. It seems that a British spy named Petrie had been hired by Peel's ministry to malign the character of the Irish priesthood, and that upon his falsehoods the rescript had been issued. The firm and dignified stand taken by all classes of Catholics in Ireland on that occasion induced the members of the Sacred College to examine more closely into the sources of their information, and to reconsider their hasty action.

When it became certain that the

Tories would have to relinquish their power in favor of their opponents, and it was rumored that an agreement had been secretly formed between the Whigs and certain Repealers hungry for office, the archbishop lost no time in protesting against such an unholy alliance. Under date of December 18, 1845, he wrote to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* :

“ I write to express my heartfelt gratification, and, as far as I know, the gratification of the country, at the firm and uncompromising tone of the last *Freeman*. Now is the time for stern and inflexible virtue, and for keeping the Irish people fixed in that confidence of having their native parliament which passing events promise speedily to realize. The Association, too, did its duty nobly under its great leader, and the Whigs must be taught, as well as the Tories, the Repeal phalanx is not, like one of their own political parties, to be broken up by whims or desertions, and that it is not to be dissolved but by the

restoration of an Irish Parliament. The least wavering would do irretrievable injury to the cause of Ireland; but of that there is no danger. We are all anxious about the result of the negotiations about the ministry. *If we are all true to our duties, they must terminate favorably for Ireland.*"

Again in April, 1846, on the occasion of the triumph of the Repeal, Anti-office-begging party, the patriotic bishop wrote to the Independent Club of his native county, who had invited him to attend their festival:

"It will be a cheering festival, and I hope the people of Mayo will look upon the late signal triumph, not as the invidious triumph of any one section of the community over another, but as the triumph of *all* over those bad influences of foreign importation which so long and so successfully sought to array in opposite factions the children of the same soil, whom a community of interests should knit together. Yes, it was



the triumph of justice over long-established wrong ; of equity over inveterate monopoly ; of virtuous poverty over despotic wealth—in fine, of Christian freedom from unchristian coercion, striving to vindicate for our own land that inalienable right of self-legislation which is the privilege of every country, and from which the children of Ireland are not so slavish as to suffer themselves to be debarred. In asserting this right to a domestic legislature they are but asserting the future security of the throne, which never can be so firm as when surrounded by the prosperity and content which would be sure to follow in the train of our exiled senate to the land from which they have been expatriated.”

In the same year appeared in Dublin, in two large volumes, the public letters of Bishop McHale, from 1829 to date of publication. The work was very favorably received by the press and public, and, covering as it does over a quarter-century of Irish contemporary his

tory, it has become a standard authority on that subject. The first epistle was dated at Maynooth, January 29, 1829, and from that time till Emancipation Dr. McHale's communications deal almost exclusively with the wrongs and rights of Catholics, as well as the insidious attacks which from time to time were directed against the faith itself. Those of 1831-2, written when he was on the Continent, are occupied with Italian affairs, political, religious, and artistic.

Again the eloquent author returns to Irish affairs, and the tithe question, parliamentary and municipal reform, become the leading topics of his fruitful and trenchant pen. When the Repeal agitation was commenced by O'Connell, the Archbishop of Tuam became one of its staunchest and most influential advocates, not only in his public speeches and private conversation, but through the press. In fact, there will be found in this collection able, exhaustive, and forcible letters on every conceivable

topic, and on every prominent movement in church or state that could affect, for good or evil, the condition and welfare of his persecuted countrymen. We select a few extracts at random, not that they are the most striking, but as fair specimens of the venerable prelate's style and political foresight. In 1831, alluding to the distress which then generally prevailed in the country, he wrote to Earl Grey, the Prime Minister:

“Often has it been said that the lot of my countrymen is without a parallel in the history of the globe. The very frequency of the assertion has rendered people indifferent to the force of its truth; and the pictures which were hitherto drawn of our misery have been put, by those who could not witness it, to the account of the fancy or the feelings of those who were interested in its exaggeration. No longer, however, is this wretchedness problematical. It is now attested by the confession of all classes. Persons who cannot agree on

any other topic have been forced to a melancholy coincidence of opinion on the frightful distress of the people, and the multitudes who have lately emigrated from our shores are spreading among their kindred beyond the Atlantic the tale of our misfortunes.

“Had the late famine sprung solely from those deep, natural causes over which human foresight had not control, these letters would have ceased with the calamity in which they originated. . . . But, my lord, it is impossible to disguise the fact. There is a marked difference between the famines in Ireland and the similar visitations that come upon other countries. The sugar-planter of the West Indies may behold the labors of a whole year swept away; no one, however, can mistake the workings of the hurricane and the storm. The sirocco may blast the harvests of the south, but the pious cannot repine at a calamity which no government could ward off.

“The east of Europe may be deluged by early rains and the inundation of its rivers; and, if a famine should follow, the inhabitants have, at least, one comfort: that the elements were sent thus as precursors to warn them of its approach. But in Ireland, and in Ireland alone, is the evil dissociated from the influence of natural causes.

“If Ireland remain yet a wilderness, it is because the Government never effectually willed its cultivation. Let but Government will it, and the remotest of its colonies are speedily improved. Its settlements in the Indies, as well as those in Canada, bear the rigorous impress of all its institutions, and distance itself is almost annihilated by the rapidity with which its mandates are conveyed. Let but the Government issue its *fiat*, and Canada is traversed by canals for the circulation of trade, while the Shannon, undisturbed by machinery or commerce, is suffered to roll in silence its unprofitable waters through the land

—an emblem, as it were, of the dull and solemn repose of its inhabitants.”

Eleven years later Bishop McHale wrote to Sir Robert Peel, then in the plenitude of his power :

“With such rapidly-recurring scenes of death and famine, in a land teeming with exhaustless fertility, with measures totally opposed in their practical operation to the benevolent preamble by which they so often impose on the unthinking, can it be a matter of surprise that the Irish people would constitutionally exert all the energies with which nature has fitted them to remove such anomalies of perpetual starvation in the midst of plenty, and of perpetual, small, and teasing persecution, under the insulting name of enlightenment and liberality ? Those who are continually reproaching our people with their discontent do them much wrong, while they suppress the cause of their restlessness. Is it just to expect that any people would be content who must part

with the produce raised by the labor of their own hands, and often, as just now experienced, at the close of the season, when all the horrors of famine are anticipated?

“Affect, therefore, no surprise at the deep-seated anxiety of the Irish people for an Irish parliament under the individual sway of an imperial crown. In their anomalous condition it would be more surprising if they did not steadily persevere in asserting their rights to their only protection against ever-recurring scarcity, in despite of every discouragement. No honest politician can wish the country to be doomed to perpetual beggary. Were it blessed with ten times its produce, and all the discoveries of chemistry already applied to agriculture to be exhausted on its cultivation, the only effect would be, by increasing our exports, to increase the number of our absentees, who, by coping in luxury with the proud patricians of England, are rendered so needy that no

increase of rents nor price of produce can satisfy their rapacious demands. Thus, while the dishonest financier would be deducing from the exports of Ireland proofs of its prosperity, the looker-on might, alas ! at this moment, in many parts of this district, have to weep in silent pity over the slow but certain starvation of the people.”

But at length even the Repeal question became of secondary consideration. Famine with all its attendant horrors—death, pestilence, agrarian outrages, and forced emigration—threatened the wholesale destruction of the Irish race. The premonitory symptoms—the potato rot—were observed early in the autumn of 1846, and winter had not well begun till the worst fears of the people were realized. Hundreds died of famine ; sickness, occasioned by unwholesome or scanty food, became general, and every one who could procure the necessary funds was preparing to flee the doomed country. The British ministry, in full



possession of all the terrible facts, did nothing—worse than nothing, for they held out promises of relief which were never performed; and thus the stupendous evil, that might have been mitigated, if not altogether suppressed, was allowed to overspread the entire land. Russell, Macaulay, and their *confrères* wanted to kill Repeal, and in doing so slaughtered two millions of human beings!

Bishop McHale saw the danger from the beginning, and endeavored, by all means in his power, to avert or arrest it. He wrote long and touching letters to those whose duty it was to protect the people and shield them from famine, but without effect; he collected subscriptions, and gave from his own limited means large sums for the relief, not only of his own spiritual children, but of those of other portions of the country; and wherever his presence was necessary, in the national councils or at the bed of death, he was always to be found

at his post of duty, no matter how great the labor or how hazardous the task. The amount of good he effected, the number of lives he saved, and the charitable gifts which he bestowed are beyond calculation, and will probably never be known till the great day when the secrets of all hearts shall stand revealed.

As an evidence of how deeply the good prelate was moved by the sights and sufferings which daily surrounded him during the famine years, we may be allowed to quote the following extract from a speech delivered by him at a meeting held in Castlebar, January 21, 1847:

“Had this calamity come with the stealth and suddenness of a thief in the night, ministers might plead some apology for their want of due precaution. It was announced, re-announced, promulgated through the empire before the last Parliament closed its session, and the anticipated bill was made sufficiently

intelligible, so that they cannot shield themselves behind the subterfuge of suddenness or surprise. A seasonable introduction of food would have averted the calamity without the cost of a single farthing to the imperial exchequer. The doctrine of imperial economy—a novel and pernicious heresy against the rights of God and man, disguising its desolating influence under the specious name of free-trade—took possession of these shallow ministers; and whilst the merchant of London, on a larger scale, and the smaller huxter-traders of our own country, were carrying on their monopolies at the enormous profit of three hundred per cent., the people of Mayo were doomed to starve, and to be offered up as victims to the Moloch of this wicked political economy. Is it necessary for the freedom of trade that merchants should enjoy such an enormous profit? Is it to be imagined that the activity of commercial enterprise will die away unless it is kept up to the fever.

heat of famine prices? Oh! no; such logic is not worth the labor of refutation.

“Ireland is, or is thought to be, overpeopled. The thinning of its population has been long a favorite theme with the political economists. The failure of the potato crop has seasonably come to their aid and to that of exterminating landlords—the fortunes of merchants are deemed of more value than their lives. The expense, the tediousness, and the trouble of distant colonization are summarily got over. The rude agriculture of the native peasantry will soon yield to pasturage and green crops; and those who despaired of transporting the people to the distant settlements of America will find all their desire of emigration satisfied in the more sweeping process of the people’s rapid emigration to the grave. It is far from me to arraign the intention of the responsible servants of the crown. I freely and sincerely acquit them of any wish to sacrifice the people

of Ireland; but this I say, that no means could have been more calculated to sweep away the adoption of these cruel and ruthless theories of political economy, which in an evil hour, and in obedience to inexorable fashion of the times, they have, with such simplicity, adopted.

“ But it is not enough that the people of Mayo should die of starvation; they must also be singled out for vituperation and reproach. What wonder, it is said, that the people of a country should now starve which could have heretofore supplied Europe with mendicants! What a glorious attestation to the imperial legislation for forty-seven years! If there were so many mendicants, who made them so? The extinction of our linen manufactures; the creation and then the destruction of the forty-shilling freeholders with which Mayo teemed beyond any other county—these were the creatures and the offspring of imperial legislation; so that if the

English minister quarrels with these results, he quarrels with the work of his own hands. But even in this poverty there is no instance, while they could procure food, of suffering, as now, any one to die of starvation. No; there was a generosity, a Christian charity, about them, which it would be well for their calumniators to imitate; and now that they are abandoned to starvation, nettles should not be wantonly flung over their graves.

“The person to whom these observations are attributed is, I must do him the justice to say, a gentleman of great urbanity and kindness. But, no doubt, the feelings of the man have merged in the fancied duties of the minister. He cannot, therefore, be surprised, if, in the lash of animadversion, we too should draw a similar distinction, and forget the courteous gentleman when he ventures to become sponsor for the misdeeds of the starving ministry. What profound and statesman-like reasoning—and consola-

tory, no doubt, as it is profound ! For centuries former governments were so filling the cup of misery in this country, as well as over Ireland, that they forced it to overflow into mendicity ; and because, forsooth, they were not free from crime in inflicting this wretchedness, the present Government must be guiltless in suffering it to close in all the horrors of starvation.

“ It is enough to acquit their incapacity and official blundering of evil intentions for the past ; but should they persevere in defiance of every duty which they owe to society, for the safety of which they hold their present position, then will they deserve to be dismissed with ignominy and execration. But what are now the proposed remedies for this disastrous series of official mismanagement ? Relief committees, when the corn, the sinew of relief, is gone, the soup-shops deemed sufficiently nutritious for the poor people ; or a day like this on the public roads, amidst rain and

storm. You will, forsooth, get a sum equal to that which you will subscribe at a time when meal is double the price it would have reached if the monopoly of merchants and the political economy of their supporters had not been suffered to run their ruinous career. Had that cupidity been seasonably checked, you would now obtain for your own unaided money the same quantity of meal you could obtain for double the amount.

“Whence it follows that this much-vaunted generosity of this public official goes back again to the credit of those merchants who are the cherished objects of ministerial solicitude. Yet for this ambiguous boon they strive to get the control, not only of their own share of the funds, but of all subscriptions, through the medium of committees, some of which are so exclusive in their formation and so odious in their restriction as to defeat effectually what should be their object—prompt and extensive relief. I need not point out



their defects. You have felt them, as one of your resolutions attests. They are felt in the deaths of numbers whom a more humane system would have saved ; and so harsh do these conditions appear to some generous Englishmen whom the spirit of disinterested charity warms that they have declared that they never would entrust their charities to committees restricted and fettered by such cruel conditions. Nay, more, the spirit of an unrelenting bigotry has, in some places, insinuated itself into those bodies to the injury of those dear interests of suffering humanity which all should labor to relieve. Soup-shops are now the only substitute for the subtraction of our corn—soup-shops the only panacea for our miseries ; in short, soup-shops are now the only staff, nay, the very elixir, of life ; and no relief to be diffused through any other gratuitous channel.”

In 1848 an event occurred which in some measure compensated for the anx-

iety and agony he had suffered during the famine. We have seen how practically earnest he had hitherto been in the cause of Catholic education, and can easily understand what must have been his alarm when, in 1845, the insidious Tory ministry, always the enemy of Ireland, proposed and passed an act establishing three Queen's Colleges, one each in the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. The ostensible object of this boon was to afford the young men of Ireland of all creeds an opportunity of obtaining a free collegiate education; the real purpose was, first, to throw an apple of discord among the clergy and laity, and, secondly, to pervert the youth of the country from both faith and nationality. All the professors and teachers were to be appointed by the government, and the books used and the course of study pursued were to be dictated from the same hostile source. Many of the *Nation* writers, some of those who were afterwards known as

the "Young Ireland party," and even O'Connell himself for a short time, without due consideration, accepted this scheme of perversion, but the bishops of Ireland, to their immortal honor, rejected it. Foremost among these was the uncompromising Archbishop of Tuam. None knew better than he that if the British Government once obtained control of the education of the rising generation, the utter demoralization of the future men of Ireland was only a question of time. He had seen it in the extra loyalists of Trinity, and had witnessed it, though in a lesser degree, among some of his fellow-students of Maynooth.

But the colleges were founded, and, despite the exertions of the hierarchy, many young Catholics, tempted by the facilities held out of a superior training, attended them. It then became necessary to invoke the aid of a higher authority. In 1848, therefore, Dr. McHale went to Rome, and the result of

his mission will be found in the following letter addressed to him after his return home :

“MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND LORD : It will appear strange, perhaps, that the reply of the Sacred Congregation on the subject of the academical colleges should have been so long delayed ; but the deep importance of the question at issue, as well as the great variety of topics which are to be considered, rendered it necessary that much time should be devoted to the due examination of the documents and reasons produced on both sides before a decision could be fairly pronounced.

“First of all, we deem it our duty to declare that it never entered the mind of the Sacred Congregation, that the prelates who appeared to be in favor of establishing the colleges had anything wrong in view, since long experience has convinced us of their probity, and that they were induced to adopt those views solely from the hope of effecting

greater good and consulting the interests of religion in Ireland. However, the Sacred Congregation, having considered the matter maturely and in all its bearings, dares not promise itself such fruits from the erection of those colleges; nay, more, it dreads that the Catholic faith would thereby be placed in imminent danger; in one word, it is convinced that institutions of this sort prove detrimental to religion.

“For these reasons it has felt it its duty to caution the archbishops and bishops of Ireland against taking any part in establishing them. But as the Sacred Congregation would have wished, before some of the prelates had entered into any negotiation with the Government for amending the law regarding the aforesaid colleges and procuring other measures in their favor, that they had taken the opinion of the Holy See, so it doubts not but that, from the profound obedience which the prelates of Ireland invariably exhibit towards it,

they will retract those things which they have done to the contrary. But notwithstanding all this, should any of you have matters of importance further to be remarked upon, you are at liberty freely to communicate them to the Sacred Congregation, in order that it may come to a due decision on them all.

“The Sacred Congregation is well aware how important it is that provision should be made for the scientific instruction of the youth, especially of the higher class; it therefore exhorts your grace and your suffragans to adopt all the legitimate means in your power to promote such instruction.

“It will be your duty to take care that the Catholic colleges already established may be rendered still more flourishing by the erection of additional and useful chairs, especially in the philosophical department, in case they should be wanting; and that those colleges be so prepared as to be open to a greater number of pupils, as the circumstances of the

several districts may require. Above all things the Sacred Congregation would deem it advantageous that the bishops, uniting their exertions, should procure the erection in Ireland of such a Catholic academy as the prelates of Belgium have founded in the city of Louvain.

“And that these matters may have the desired happy result, the Sacred Congregation exhorts the bishops to preserve mutual union and the greatest concord; nor to suffer themselves to be carried away by partisan zeal on matters which do not regard the sacred ministry intrusted to them; that it may be evident to all that they have nothing in view but the worship of God, the good of religion, and the salvation of souls.

“With all these things you will, we are sure, comply with the greater earnestness whereas they are in entire conformity with the judgment of our holy lord Pius IX.; for after he had obtained accurate information on the whole of this case, he sanctioned with

his approbation the decision of the Sacred Congregation, and gave to it the supreme weight of his authority.

“In the meantime we pray to God that he may grant your Grace a long and happy life.—Your Grace’s most obedient servants,

“J. PHIL. CARD. FRANSONI, P.D.P.F.

“ALEXANDER BARNABO, Pro-Sec.

“College of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, Rome, 9th October, 1847.

“To His Grace the Most Rev. John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam.”

This settled the matter as far as the Catholics of Ireland were concerned; and though the English Government was partially successful in sowing the seeds of dissension among the nationalists for the time being, it was foiled in its grand scheme of corruption, and mainly through the untiring exertions of the great Archbishop of Tuam. To make the victory more complete, as well



as to remove whatever doubts the public might have of the position of the Irish hierarchy on the question of "mixed education," he in 1869 induced that august body, officially and unequivocally, to declare against its manifold evils.

In his long and busy life Dr. McHale found time to devote some spare moments to the indulgence of his literary tastes, especially poetry. The greater part of Moore's "Melodies" have been translated by him into Irish without change of metre, and with the ancient Irish airs preserved intact. In 1861 appeared his Irish translation of the first six books of the "Iliad," and two years later an English and Irish version of the Pentateuch, as a first instalment of a similar translation of the entire Old Testament.

Though now at the advanced age of eighty-six, in the sixty-second year of his priesthood, and the fifty-first of his episcopate, Archbishop McHale, like

the illustrious Pius IX., is yet in full possession of his mental and physical faculties, and thoroughly competent to perform the duties of his sacred office. He is not only the oldest bishop in Ireland, but he is unquestionably the greatest Irish prelate living, not only as a general scholar of great knowledge and profound thought, but as an Irishman who knows Ireland, her language, literature, arts, and history, and loves her from the depths of his warm, vigorous heart. He has seen three generations of public men pass away, has witnessed his country in the throes of religious excitement, the Repeal agitation, the famine desolation, and now Home Rule, and has never had occasion to change his views in a single particular. No ecclesiastic has been more faithful and obedient to the visible Head of the church, none more consistent in his advocacy of free education, and few, if any, more loyal to their country. In Ireland, where he is univer-

sally known, he is beloved and trusted, and in this country his revered name, sterling qualities, and brilliant virtues are themes of praise among millions of his exiled countrymen.

## REV. D. W. CAHILL.

TWELVE years ago the American public suffered an incalculable loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Cahill, so distinguished as a scientific scholar, a most eloquent lecturer, and a preacher, who, for profundity and Biblical lore, had few equals here or in Europe.

Rev. D. W. Cahill was born in Queen's County, Ireland, at the beginning of the present century, and, as he grew up and exhibited more than usual aptitude for science, his father, a prominent engineer, purposed to have him commissioned in the British army. But the termination of the Napoleonic wars by the decisive battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, and the lad's own inclination towards the ministry, altered the determination of his parent, and he was allowed to go to Carlow College to pursue his studies preparatory to going to Maynooth.



DR. CAHILL.



In the latter college Dr. Cahill so distinguished himself for industry, obedience, and aptitude that he was placed in the “Dunboyne Establishment”—a mark of appreciation which not only confers honor on the recipient, but usually gains him more solid advantages. But more marks of distinction were awaiting the future preacher. No sooner had he graduated at Maynooth and become an ordained priest of the Catholic Church than he was offered the position of professor of natural philosophy in his old *Alma Mater*, Carlow College, by no less a scholar and judge of human nature than the illustrious Dr Doyle, better known, perhaps, as “J. K. L.,” Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

That Father Cahill executed the trust thus reposed in him, and that he was fully competent, even at that unripe age, to discharge the duties of so onerous a calling, does not admit of a doubt; for it was while filling the chair of natural philosophy that he received his diploma

of Doctor of Divinity directly from the Sacred College in Rome.

Some time after Bishop Doyle's death Dr. Cahill severed his connection with Carlow College; but having imbibed the desire, so general among intelligent Irishmen, not only to acquire knowledge, but to spread it among his countrymen, he resolved to open a school or preparatory theological seminary, of which he himself would be the president. The site selected by him was a very romantic and picturesque one at Black Rock, a few miles from Dublin, and the institution was opened with every prospect of success. But Dr. Cahill's generosity, and even extravagance, not for his own personal comfort, but for that of the students placed under his supervision, eventually ruined the enterprise. The pupils, though excellently instructed mentally, were physically nourished on the most costly dainties, and the result was that in a short time the seminary had to be abandoned, and its originator



found himself several thousand pounds sterling in debt. Part of this debt, however, was incurred in publishing a newspaper which had only an ephemeral existence.

But though the heavy weight of debt hung like a millstone round the neck of Dr. Cahill, his was not the spirit to quail before danger or difficulty. Had he, as his father intended, become a soldier, he might easily be found storming a breach or leading a forlorn hope; as it was, he faced the danger, and, relying on his intellectual attainments, assumed the rôle of lecturer. The subject he selected was astronomy—one of the most sublime studies that have ever engaged the attention of man. In the capital of Ireland, in the principal cities and towns, where perhaps no lecturer had ever been heard, Dr. Cahill made his appearance, always to be received in the warmest manner, listened to with profound attention, and applauded as only an Irish audience can applaud an

eloquent speaker who imparts to them either pleasure or instruction.

Perhaps one of the greatest triumphs of Dr. Cahill's political correspondence was his letters on what was called the "Ark of Carrigaholt," a miserable little chapel in which the Rev. Father Meehan officiated for the benefit of the tenantry of one of that peculiarly hard-hearted and unpatriotic class yecept Irish landlords. So strong were the eloquent divine's words, so broadly were they circulated by the press, that the reluctant owner of the soil at last yielded to public opinion, and at his proper cost built a very pretty church for the use of the Catholics of the neighborhood.

Like most Irishmen of distinction, Dr. Cahill conceived the idea of visiting America, where so many of his countrymen had already found hospitable homes; and so well was he pleased with his reception, not only by his compatriots but by the general public, that

he never entertained a notion of leaving it. He arrived here in December, 1859, and, after a short rest in New York, commenced a lecturing tour, principally for the benefit of charitable institutions, which for rapidity, ability, and pecuniary success has never been equalled. We well recollect how playfully he would remark when asked how many years longer he was going to lecture for charity : “ I am now on my second hundred thousand—well, when I reach half a million I will commence to talk for myself.”

But that time, properly speaking, never arrived. In endeavoring to fulfil an engagement in Massachusetts in the autumn of 1864, he contracted a severe cold, and died of congestion of the lungs in Carney Hospital, Boston, October 28 of that year. In person Dr. Cahill was a splendid specimen of the physical man, standing nearly six and a half feet high, and built in proportion ; mentally he was even more remarkable, being

not only a theologian, a chemist, and an astronomer, but a thorough proficient in the Hebrew, Greek, French, German, and Italian languages. “Take him for all and all, we ne’er shall look upon his like again.”



CHURCH AND CONVENT OF THE HOLY CROSS, KENMARE, IRELAND.



# IRISH POETS.

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REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

“FATHER PROUT.”

FRANCIS MAHONY, better known to the lovers of genuine humor and pathos, versatile genius and high scholarly attainments, as “Father Prout,” was born in the city of Cork in the year 1805. Without consulting his wishes on so vitally important a matter, his parents, who were devout Catholics, destined him for the priesthood, and he, in filial obedience, prepared himself for the sacred ministry with all due diligence, and at the proper age was ordained. It was his intention at one time to have joined the Order of Jesuits, but a certain escapade in which

he took a prominent part, more creditable to his convivial and good-natured spirit than to his judgment, induced his superiors to extend to him an indefinite leave of absence to visit the Continent.

On his return he was appointed curate to a simple-hearted, good-natured clergyman—Father Prout, parish priest of Grasshill, a place some few miles from Cork. Here the future poet and essayist remained some years, attending promptly enough to the duties of his calling, but far more interested in study, literature, and those intellectual flights of fancy which were afterwards destined to make his name famous. For a while he confined his squibs to the columns of the local papers, under the *nom de plume* of “Father Prout,” which was first assumed as an innocent joke at the expense of his venerable co-laborer, and afterwards, becoming popular, was retained by Father Mahony, we are inclined to believe, with the implied or express permission of the venerable original



In 1830 Dr. Maginn started *Fraser's Magazine*, and Father Prout, as we will continue to call him, became one of the earliest and most valued contributors to its sparkling and critical pages. Tired of the monotony of a poor curate's life in a remote village, and allured by the *ignis-fatuus* of literary fame, he soon abandoned his curacy and his sacred profession and launched out into the wide world of letters.

On reaching London he was warmly received by his townsman Maginn, and installed as a regular contributor to *Fraser's*, which at that time was one of the ablest as well as the most audacious of the English Tory magazines. Its reputation in both respects lost nothing at the hands of Father Prout. Moore, who at that time was the leading literary champion of the Whig or Liberal party, was one of the first to feel the thrust of his lance and the strength of his arm. Under the title of "The Pilferings and Plagiarisms of Thomas Moore," an elabo-

rate article appeared, boldly charging the Irish bard with stealing bodily most of his best lyrics from Anacreon and other classic writers, and passing them off as his own. In support of this monstrous charge Prout quoted what purported to be the Greek or Latin originals, but which were in reality his own versions of the Melodies done into those languages. The reasoning displayed in the article was so ingenious, and the translations so well executed, that many persons of ordinary reading were completely deceived, while those who knew better were intensely amused at the sublime audacity of the writer, and, it is said, none more so than Moore himself.

But Father Prout did not confine his efforts to apocryphal translations. He loved the French people and their liberties, and was one of the first to introduce to the English-speaking public the inimitable muse of Beranger. While in Paris in 1830 he was an observer of the July revolution which drove out Charles X.

and installed the citizen king, Louis Philippe; and it was doubtless inspired by the scenes he beheld on that occasion that he afterwards produced the following spirited version of

THE TRI-COLORED FLAG.

Comrades around this humble board,  
Here's to our banner's bygone splendor;  
There must be treason in that word—  
All Europe may the proof afford,  
All France be the offender  
But drink the toast  
That gladdens most,  
Fires the young heart and cheers the old—  
May France once more  
Her tri-color,  
Blest with new life, behold!

List to my secret. That old flag  
Under my bed of straw is hidden,  
Sacred to glory. War-worn rag!  
Thee no informer thence shall drag,  
Nor dastard spy say 'tis forbidden.  
France, I can vouch,  
Will from its couch  
The dormant symbol yet unfold,  
And wave once more  
Her tri-color  
Through Europe, uncontrolled!

For every drop of blood we spent  
Did not that flag give value plenty?

Were not our children, as they went  
Jocund to join the warrior's tent,  
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty?  
France, who were then  
Your noblemen?  
Not they of parchment—must and mould!—  
But they who bore  
Your tri-color  
Through Europe, uncontrolled!

Leipsic hath seen our eagle fall,  
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory;  
But with the emblem of old Gall  
Crowning our standard, we'll recall  
The brightest days of Valmy's story.  
With terror pale  
Shall despots quail,  
When in their ears the tale is told  
Of France once more  
Her tri-color  
Preparing to unfold.

Trust not the lawless ruffian chiel—  
Worse than the vilest monarch he!  
Down with the dungeon and bastile!  
But let our country never kneel  
To that grim idol—Anarchy!  
Strength shall appear  
On our frontier,  
France shall be liberty's stronghold!  
Then earth once more  
The tri-color  
With blessings shall behold!

O my old flag! thou liest hid  
There where my sword and musket lie.

Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid  
Are filling fast a warrior's lid  
Which thou alone canst dry.  
A soldier's grief  
Shall find relief,  
A veteran's heart shall be consoled—  
France shall once more  
Her tri-color  
Triumphantly unfold.

Father Prout's connection with *Fraser's* lasted several years, during which he contributed numerous articles, essays, reviews, and poems, all marked with the same buoyant spirit, exuberance of fancy, and a versatility that seemed to pass without effort from grave to gay, from absurd to sublime. A portion of these contributions was published in 1860, under the title of "Reliques of Father Prout," and the best and the worst of the remainder appeared in London last year. In the "Reliques" are to be found many short pieces of rare merit; the following has become the most popular, and the one which seems destined to be remembered and sung when his more meritorious and better-conceived songs are for-

gotten. It has the advantage also of being wedded to a beautiful old Irish air, full of wild pathos and expression.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.  
On this I ponder where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,  
But all their music spoke naught like thine;  
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling  
Of thy beltry knelling its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,  
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,  
And symbols glorious swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame,  
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber pealing solemnly.  
Oh! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

'There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosco  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air calls me to prayer  
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.  
Such idle phantom I freely grant them ;  
But there's an anthem more dear to me :  
    'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
    That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Yet with all his success Father Prout, it would appear, did not like London or its ways. The atmosphere of Paris was more congenial, and there, at the age of forty, he took up his quarters as correspondent successively of two leading English daily journals, the *News* and *Globe*. For about twenty years he labored in this capacity with great industry and undiminished vigor and vivacity; his letters being always replete with political and social facts and speculations, as well as being models of style and arrangement.

At length, as age crept on apace, and the futility of earthly happiness became more and more apparent, he relinquished all literary labor, and, quietly stealing

away from friends and admirers, hid himself in a monastery, where he expected to have had time allowed him to repent of his past delinquencies and prepare for the great event that sooner or later comes to us all. It came to him more speedily than anticipated, but not, we trust, to find him unprepared. His death occurred on the 18th of May, 1866.

His remains were conveyed from Paris to Cork, where all the solemn ceremonies of the church were performed over them previous to their being interred in the cemetery of St. Mary, Shandon, within the shadow of the steeple whose bells he has immortalized in song.

As an evidence that Father Prout could use his tongue as well as his pen when occasion required, we append the following account of an amusing incident, related in the concluding volume of the "Reliques" as having occurred at a social gathering of wits in London, called the "Hook and Eye Society." It having been agreed that toasts should



be given, one of the members, a barrister, gave "The Gates of the Temple," and added with mock dignity: "May those glorious portals long protect from profane mobs and despotic governments the ark of the constitution!" Douglas Jerrold, who followed the barrister, gave: "The next-door neighbor to the Temple gates, more ancient and respectable than either—old Temple Bar." He added the wish, in which he felt certain all present would heartily join, that the luminous head of their esteemed friend at the other end of the table might never be seen surmounting it, spike-pinned and ghastly, and taking an unenviable position in the criminal records of the country alongside of the heads of the rebels of 1715 and 1745. For he shared the opinion of several mutual friends that any man who sang the "Reel of Tulligorm" with such *verve* and *gusto* as their reverend chaplain must not only be a Jesuit, but a Jacobite as well, of the very first water! When the uproarious

laughter which followed Jerrold's biting bit of badinage had ceased, and the universal call for Prout had brought him to his legs, the former was to be seen still chuckling at the fun he had produced, though anything but unmindful that he was just going to catch it in his turn; and the latter looked round the board with that look of mingled drollery and mischief, over his spectacles, which he always fixed upon you when one of his good things was coming. Looking down at length steadfastly at his antagonist, he said: "The gates of Janus' temple were only shut three times during the seven hundred years of the Roman commonwealth, from Numa to Augustus. The gates of Temple Bar were only shut three times during my time, and then only for a moment on each occasion, when they were opened again to welcome and admit within their civic precincts, on their coming to the throne, their majesties George and Billy IV., and our present young and most gra-

cious Queen Victoria. If those illustrious portals are ever destined to be shut a fourth time in our days, I trust it will be in the face of Douglas Jerrold by that discreet *arbiter elegantiarum* and master of ceremonies, the city chamberlain. He would, of course, reopen it, *more majorem*, to our royal visitor, the *facile princeps* of London *argot* and chaff. But, if not recommending him to the recorder's court and a gate thereunto adjacent, which holds a still more unenviable position than Temple Bar in the criminal records of the country—and most assuredly if he does not mend his manners and moderate the rancor of his tongue—he shall have to appear before the one and pass through the other. I think I see the wise janitor pointing out to our modern Diogenes a gate which stands further on in the heart of the city, where he may breathe freely of a congenial atmosphere—an atmosphere which we all know is redolent of ichthyological sweets • in other words, pre-eminently

fishy! Without dismissing our chairman, as our venerable deceased friend Anchises did pious Æneas and his gipsy companion the Sibyl through the Gate of Ivory, or the Gate of Humbug, which Virgil, we all know, meant it to be—that particular descent into Hades, like Jerrold's, being a fable and a joke the whole way through—without further comment of any kind, I'll give you, gentlemen: Billingsgate and Douglas Jerrold! May the capital of England never miss the time-honored and classic odor of the one, and the literature of England long enjoy the searching and trenchant wit of the other!”



TOM MOORE.



## THOMAS MOORE,

### THE BARD OF ERIN.

THOMAS MOORE, the greatest epic poet whom Ireland has produced since the time of Ossian, and the most accomplished, ornate, and musical lyric poet in the English or any other modern language, was born in the city of Dublin on the 28th of May, A.D. 1780. His father, a respectable grocer, who occupied a house, still standing, on the corner of Aungier and Little Longford Streets, in the southern part of the city, though a man of limited means, was remarkable for great natural intelligence, thrift, and thorough national principles. His mother, of whom the poet invariably spoke with the most unqualified admiration and affection, appears to have been her husband's superior in mental quali-

ties, though less enthusiastic in her patriotism.

Moore's school-boy days were passed under the critical eye of a Mr. Whyte, a gentleman of considerable literary ability, and more pedagogical vanity, who had numbered among his pupils Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Misses Montgomery, and many other male and female scholars who were afterwards destined to become distinguished in the world of arts and letters. It was in praise of this philomath that the future bard of Erin first tuned his lyre at the early age of fourteen; and the publication of his rhymes and one or two equally jejune pieces in the *Anthologia*, a Dublin magazine, doubtless afforded him more real gratification than than the world's applause which long years afterwards greeted his most splendid productions.

Before 1793 no Catholic could enter the Dublin University, but in that year the rigor of the cruel penal code was so far relaxed as to allow the professors



of the ancient faith to study in its colleges. "I was myself among the first of the young Helots of the land," says Moore, "who hastened to avail themselves of the new privilege of being educated in their country's university, though still excluded from all share in those college honors and emoluments by which the ambition of the youths of the ascendant class was stimulated and rewarded. As I well knew that, next to my attaining some of these distinctions, my showing that I *deserved* to attain them would most gratify my anxious mother, I entered as a candidate for a scholarship, and (as far as the result of the examination went) successfully. But of course the mere barren credit of the effort was all I enjoyed for my pains." In other words, being a Catholic, he was denied even a scholarship by the dominant faction, that represented about an eighth of the population of the country.

At Trinity he met a young gentleman named Hudson, and became the inti-

mate friend of the ill-starred Robert Emmet and several of the fiery and gifted spirits who afterwards figured so conspicuously in the tragic events which immediately preceded and followed the annihilation of the legislative independence of Ireland. At their solicitation he joined the college Debating Society, and afterwards the more matured Historical Society; and whenever the condition of Ireland and the practical remedy for her wrongs could be introduced, or the abstract question of human rights was touched upon, Moore was always found an advocate on the side of justice, humanity, and liberty.

Indeed, his training in this regard was early commenced by his patriotic father. At twelve years of age, he tells us, he was brought to a republican meeting by his parent, and, seated on the chairman's knee, listened to glowing eulogies on France, then in the throes of revolution, and on America, which had just obtained her independence. When the burlesque

of royalty was initiated by the citizens of Dublin by constituting the little island of Dalkey a liliputian kingdom, and electing "a respectable pawnbroker" its sovereign, young Moore contributed the satirical odes and songs to grace the mock festivals. Later on, in 1797, when Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, and some other leaders among the United Irishmen established the *Press* newspaper, the future poet and pet of the English aristocracy sent for publication in its capacious columns several prose articles remarkable as much for their vehemence and violence as for their literary merits.

But though thus enlisted on the side of the nationalists, he never could be induced to join their sworn secret clubs in or out of college. His religious scruples and the prudent foresight of his fond mother saved him from a course at once dangerous and foolish. But his intimate relations with such men as Emmet placed him under the suspicion of the authori-

ties of the university, and nearly led to his expulsion.

Shortly before the rising in '98, the infamous Lord Clare as vice-chancellor, and the equally disreputable Dr. Duigan as assessor, held a grand visitation in the university to ascertain how far the love of Ireland and of liberty to all men had penetrated into that gloomy abode of fanaticism and apostasy. Every student in the least suspected of the crime of patriotism was put on oath, questioned and cross-questioned by the veteran inquisitors, for the purpose of making them convict themselves or implicate their companions. Among those so mentally tortured was young Moore, who thus modestly reports that part of the proceedings :

“The oath was proffered to me. ‘I have an objection, my lord,’ said I, ‘to taking this oath.’ ‘What is your objection?’ he asked sternly. ‘I have no fears, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself; but it might

tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. 'How old are you, sir?' he then asked. 'Between seventeen and eighteen, my lord.' He then turned to Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him in an undertone of voice. 'We cannot,' he resumed, again addressing me, 'suffer any one to remain in our university who refuses to take this oath.' 'I shall, then, my lord,' I replied, 'take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with *you*, sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath and seated myself in the witnesses' chair.

"The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. When adverting to the proved existence of the

United Irish societies in the university, he asked: 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my lord.' 'Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?' 'No, my lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms or ammunition?' 'Never, my lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?' 'Oh! no, my lord.' He then turned to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me: 'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?' 'I have already told your lordship my chief reason; in addition to which it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural.'"

This terminated the inquest, and Moore was congratulated by his fellow-students on his escape. It had previously been determined in a family council that, if

he were asked a question the answer to which might implicate any of his friends, he was to refuse to reply, and thus, of course, suffer the penalty of expulsion. Another account of this critical passage in the poet's life is more elaborately and grandiloquently described in Herbert's "Irish Varieties," but we prefer his own simpler version.

In the excitement of politics Moore did not for a moment neglect the cultivation of his mind. Indeed, industry seems to have been from early youth one of the most prominent elements of his genius, while the desire to please his parents, "those whom he most loved and most respected," added wings to his natural ambition. He diligently applied himself to the study of music, particularly to the Irish airs collected by Bunting; he wrote a theme in English verse for a quarterly examination, and received a handsome premium from the examining board; and for his "Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismigistus Rusti-

fustius, D.D., etc.”—a political satire—he received the gold medal of the Historical Society.

While he continued to translate detached odes of Anacreon, he spent most of his leisure time in Marsh’s Library, adjoining St. Patrick’s venerable cathedral. “Through my acquaintance with the deputy librarian,” says Moore, “the Rev. Mr. Cradock, I enjoyed the privilege of constant access to this collection, even at that period of the year when it is always closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and in the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, I passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found scattered through some of my earlier writings.”

At the age of nineteen Moore left home for London to keep his terms at the Middle Temple; for he was intended



for the legal profession. He had with him his translation of Anacreon, some letters of introduction to the Earl of Moira and other influential parties, and a tolerably well-filled purse. His legal studies, we are inclined to believe, were not very congenial to his tastes, and, consequently, were not pursued with his usual diligence; but his Anacreontic odes were published, and very favorably received by the discerning portion of the reading public. His "Juvenile Poems" appeared subsequently, under the *nom de plume* of Thomas Little, and, though somewhat too amatory and irregular in construction, became highly popular.

Having in 1803 accepted an appointment in Bermuda, he sailed in the *Phaeton* frigate for the United States, in company with Mr. Merry, Minister to Washington, and suite, and landed in October at Norfolk, Va. Thence he went to Bermuda, but after a short sojourn he returned to Norfolk *via* Boston. In June, 1804, Moore commenced

his tour of the United States and Canada, visiting the principal cities and places of interest along his route. During this journey he wrote many beautiful epistles in verse to his family and friends at home, and some long descriptions of American men and manners, which, though evincing considerable literary ability, were sadly deficient in justice and discrimination. He had during his four years' residence in London imbibed a portion of that hatred of the United States and her institutions which then pervaded all classes in Britain—the last resource of a beaten and baffled foe—who looked at everything in the young Republic with a jaundiced and jealous eye. However, he lived long enough to regret the gross blunder, and to apologize for it. In the preface to the second volume of his works he thus alludes to it: “In the most formidable of all my censors at that period—the great master of the art of criticism in our day—I have found ever since one

of the most cordial and highly-valued of my friends; while the good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven."

Perhaps the most interesting part of his American poems is the following allusion to George Washington, whose civic and moral greatness were then so well assured that even those who wished to find a flaw in his character were forced to praise him :

"How shall we place thee upon glory's page?  
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage!  
Of peace too fond to act the conqueror's part,  
Too long in camps to learn the statesman's art;  
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,  
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

"While loftier souls command, nay, make, their fate,  
Thy fate made thee, and forced thee to be great.  
Yet fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds  
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,  
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,  
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;  
Less moved by glory's than by duty's claim,

Renown thy meed, but self applause thy aim !  
All that thou *wert* reflects less fame on thee,  
Far less, than all thou didst *forbear to be*.  
Nor yet the patriot of one land alone,  
For thine's a name all nations claim their own ,  
And every shore where breathed the good and brave  
Echo'd the plaudits thine own country gave."

Moore again visited Bermuda, but returned to London soon after, tired, no doubt, of the solitude of those vexed islands. For some years he did not undertake any work of importance except the "Melodies," which were written at irregular intervals. His muse became political and satirical; and as he had become an ally of the Whigs, he was well received and much courted by the leaders of that party. Like most of the writers of that day, he was terribly severe on the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., "the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George." It was in allusion to the tergiversation of that abandoned character that he wrote the following beautiful song, of which he afterwards said: "It was little less, I

own, than profanation to disturb the sentiment of so beautiful an air by any connection with such a subject"; and of which Byron said: "I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth, and all there are full of 'entusymusy,' . . . and, in particular, that 'When first I met Thee' has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog —— wanted you to omit part of it."

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,  
There shone such truth about thee,  
And on thy lip such promise hung,  
I did not dare to doubt thee.  
I saw thee change, yet still relied,  
Still clung to hope the fonder,  
And thought, though lost to all beside,  
From me thou wouldst not wander.  
But go, deceiver! go.  
The heart whose hopes could make it  
Trust one so false, so low,  
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,  
I fled the unwelcomed story,  
Or found in e'en the faults they blamed  
Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true when nearer friends  
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;  
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends  
 Would then have bled to right thee.  
     But go, deceiver ! go.  
     Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
 From pleasure's dreams to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,  
 No lights of age adorn thee ;  
 The few who loved thee once have fled,  
 And they who flatter scorn thee.  
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves—  
 No genial ties enwreath it ;  
 The smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it.  
     Go ! go ! Though worlds were thine,  
     I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendor !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,  
 When even those ties shall sever ;  
 And thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost for ever—  
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles had still received thee,  
 And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believed thee.  
     Go ! go ! 'Tis vain to curse,  
     'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

In 1808 “Corruption” and “Intoler-

ance," and in the following year "The Sceptic," appeared. They were clever satirical pieces, directed against the scandals and bigotry of the times, but rather long and heavy to suit the general taste. His lighter pieces, which he threw off in showers, were more brilliant and much more popular and effective. The following, written some years after this period, is perhaps the best of those *jeux d'esprit* :

THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

To the people of England, the humble petition  
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing  
That sad, very sad, is our present condition—  
Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going ;

That, forming one-seventh, within a few fractions,  
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,  
We hold it the basest of all base transactions  
To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts ;

That as to laws made for the good of the many,  
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true ;  
As all human laws (and our own more than any)  
Are made *by* and *for* a particular few ;

That much it delights every true Orange brother  
To see you, in England, such ardor evince

In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,  
And burned with most *gusto*, some hundred years  
since ;

That we love to behold, while old England grows  
faint,

Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,  
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied saint,  
Ever truly and really pulled the devil's nose ;

Whether the other saint, Domnic, burned the devil's  
paw ;

Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old moth-  
er ;\*

And many such points, from which Southey can draw  
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other ;

That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation

Has now, for some ages, gone happily on

Believing in two kinds of substantiation—

One party in *trans* and the other in *con* ;†

That we, your petitioning *cons*, have, in right

Of the said monosyllable, ravaged the lands,

And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,

Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for *trans* ;

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages

For keeping us still in the same state of mind ;

Pretty much as the world used to be in those ages

When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind ;

\* To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's "*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*" is devoted.

† *Consubstantiation*—the true Reformed belief ; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.



When the words *ex* and *per* served as well to annoy  
 One's neighbors and friends with as *een* and *trans*  
 now ;

And Christians like Southey, who stickled for *oi*,  
 Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for *oui* ;

That, relying on England, whose kindness already  
 So often has helped us to play this game o'er,  
 We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,  
 And wait but the word to show sport as before ;

That as to the expense—a few millions or so  
 That for all such diversions John Bull has to pay—  
 'Tis at least a great comfort for John Bull to know  
 That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all find its way.  
 For which your petitioners ever will pray.  
 Etc., etc., etc.

It was not, however, till 1812, his thirty-second year, that Moore, fêted and applauded for his squibs and satires, but ambitious of achieving more enduring fame, conceived the idea of a grand epic poem, the scene and characters of which were to be exclusively Oriental. After a delay of nearly two years, negotiations for the publication of the poem were completed with the house of Longman, the history of which is thus related by the party most concerned :

“ On this last occasion an old friend

of mine, Mr. Perry, kindly offered to lend me the aid of his advice and presence in the interview which I was about to hold with the Messrs. Longman for the arrangement of our mutual terms; and what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit in which he was met on the other, there has seldom occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place between the two parties may be comprised in a few sentences. 'I am of opinion,' said Mr. Perry, enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite, 'that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his poem the largest price that has been given in our day for such a work.' 'That was,' answered the Messrs. Longman, 'three thousand guineas.' 'Exactly so,' replied Mr. Perry, 'and no less a sum ought he to receive.'

"It was then objected, and very rea-

sonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a line of the poem, and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But no; the romantic view my friend Perry took of the matter was that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, rather startled and alarmed me; but, to the honor and glory of romance—as well on the publishers' side as the poet's—this very generous view of the transaction was without any difficulty acceded to, and the firm agreed, before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my poem."

Nothing could have been more honorable nor more politic on the part of the Longmans. A trust so implicitly imposed, a confidence in his punctuality, industry, and genius so practically manifested, worked like magic on the ardent

and conscientious temperament of the poet; and he resolved that they should neither be disappointed nor disheartened. Taking with him all the books on Eastern travel, history, theology, geography, etc., that he could collect, he forsook the pleasures of London literary life, and for three years buried himself in the country to master their contents and to produce the most gorgeous and perfect Oriental epic in the English language. "It was," he tells us, "indeed to the secluded life I led during the years 1813-1816, in a lone cottage amid the fields in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of 'Lalla Rookh.' It was amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime."

Moore worked on his poem with such diligence that in 1815 he was able to write to his publishers that it was so far advanced that he was in a position to submit it for their inspection. But they, having unlimited confidence in him, simply replied: "We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the poem, but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honorable." In November of the following year the work was completed, but the commercial depression which followed the long Napoleonic wars, and the scarcity of money in all branches of industry, led Moore to believe that the time was not auspicious for the production of so expensive a book as "Lalla Rookh." He accordingly, with a delicacy highly commendable, wrote to the Longmans, giving them the power, if they chose to exercise it, of modifying the engagement made in more prosperous times, and "leaving them free to postpone or even, should such be their wish, relinquish it altogether."

The enterprising publishers, however, who were not to be outdone in courtesy and generosity, even by a poet, sent reply: "We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for 'poetry and thousands'; but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment."

Thus was the great epic of "Lalla Rookh" conceived, constructed, and launched into the world, a model of patient research, accuracy, and sparkling poesy, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Its success was instantaneous, its popularity unbounded. It was read by all classes in Ireland, England, and America; foreign *savants* hastened to translate it into their own languages: and kings and royal princes and princesses in the European capitals delighted to select its characters for *tableaux vivants* and *divertissements*. Old and intelli-

gent travellers in the East, struck with the accurate descriptions of localities, scenery, beasts, birds, and fishes, fauna and flora, could hardly be convinced that the author had never been in Hindostan or Persia. Colonel Wilks, who was personally familiar with all Asiatic countries, once asked Sir James Mackintosh "whether it were true that Moore had never been in the East." "Never," said Mackintosh. "Well," said the colonel in astonishment, "that shows me that reading D'Herblot is as good as riding on the back of a camel."

But Moore did not confine himself to D'Herblot or to any two or three authors, but read them by scores, with such concentration and recollection that he was always able to portray his characters and their surroundings with admirable fidelity, as is shown by the testimony of many Oriental scholars. One in particular, who thus wrote many years after the appearance of the great work, says :

"I embrace this opportunity of bear-

ing my individual testimony (if it be of any value) to the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, whether of costume, manners, or less changing monuments, both in his ‘*Lalla Rookh*’ and his ‘*Epicurean*.’ It has been my fortune to read his *Atlantic*, *Bermudean*, and *American Odes* and *Epistles* in the countries and among the people to which and to whom they relate; I enjoyed, also, the exquisite delight of reading his ‘*Lalla Rookh*’ in Persia itself; and I have perused ‘*The Epicurean*’ while all my recollections of Egypt and its still existing wonders were as fresh as when I quitted the banks of the Nile for Arabia. I owe it, therefore, as a debt of gratitude (though the payment is most inadequate, for the great pleasure I have derived from his productions, to bear my humble testimony to their local fidelity.”

The intrinsic merits of the poem delighted even the most fastidious and criti-



cal readers, and that in the age of Byron, Scott, and many other writers in English of extraordinary abilities. Some there were at that day, of course, as there still are—the hypercritical and shallow—who affected to depreciate even its greatest attractions. It was too full of imagery and sweetness, flowers, perfumes, and music, for them—forgetting that in all these lay its greatest charm, its highest claim to be called a genuine Eastern poem. The Orient has always been the region of romance as well as of invention ; where the imagination fairly revels in the delights of gorgeous scenery and countless centuries of tradition. “Then it is deficient in strength,” said, and say, those worthies. A casual glance at the “Veiled Prophet” or the “Fire-Worshippers” is enough to refute this cavil. The battle-scene in the former and the final catastrophe in the latter, especially, are as good specimens of powerful and dramatic description as can be found in the English language.

It has often been asserted, and contradicted, that Moore, in writing the "Fire-Worshippers," had the desolate and oppressed condition of Ireland constantly in view. We can state positively, on his own authority, that such was the fact. In describing how the various romances in "Lalla Rookh" originated in his brain he says: "At last, fortunately as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers or ancient Fire-Worshippers of Persia and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East."

Having seen his book safely through the press, Moore took a short, well-earned vacation on the Continent in company with Mr. Rogers, the banker-poet. His

visit was confined principally to Paris, and the result of his observations shortly after appeared in his "Judge Family," a series of satirical epistles, besprinkled with keen remarks and liberal comments on the then anomalous state of Europe. His next trip to the Continent was with Lord John Russell, and carried him as far as Italy, where he met Chantrey, Canova, and other great artists in Rome, visited Byron at Venice, and went the rounds of all the art galleries and churches in Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin. His "Rhymes on the Road" were written during this journey, or soon afterwards from notes taken during the tour.

Moore did not return immediately to England, but, sending for his family, took up his residence in the suburbs of Paris, where he remained till 1822. This involuntary exile grew out of certain legal processes issued against him by some American claimants who had been defrauded by his deputy in Bermuda, for

whose conduct Moore was legally, though not equitably, responsible. Though the negotiations between his friends and his creditors extended over several years, they were finally concluded with satisfaction to both parties, the poet paying out of his own slender exchequer all that was justly due to the parties duped by his dishonest representative. While in France he wrote several short pieces, songs, and ballads; "The Loves of the Angels," an epic in four parts, founded on Eastern traditions, and "Rabbinical Fictions," which, though savoring of the profane to Christian eyes, lose all malignity when we consider that Moore's angels are no more our celestial bodies than the gods of Homer or Hesiod were real creations.

During this absence from home Moore also finished the eighth part of his "Irish Melodies," but it was not till 1834 that that wonderful collection of songs was finally completed.

Though faithful as were his transla-

tions of Anacreon, sharp and incisive his satire on the passing politics of the hour, splendid his "Lalla Rookh," witty his "Fudge Family," and exceedingly graceful his "Loves of the Angels," the undying fame of Thomas Moore as a true poet must ever rest on his "Irish Melodies." Without the least exaggeration, and with the greatest confidence, it can be said that in no age, nation, or language can such a melodious, resonant, pure, natural, and expressive collection of lyrics be found, wedded to such thrilling, plaintive, or soul-stirring airs. As works of art they are as perfect as it is possible for a human being to make them. Out of the one hundred and twenty-five songs which are included under this title, the most exacting critic may look in vain for a defective line, a harsh word, or a broken metaphor; yet so judiciously has the art that conceals all art been exercised that the reader is carried along irresistibly, from one to another, by the most apparent natural flow of sentence and sentiment.

Another merit have those extraordinary creations of the poet in a wonderful degree. Though closely wedded to the peculiarities and genius of the ancient Irish airs in sound and measure, as in the case of "The Minstrel Boy," "Remember the Glories," and so many others, the beauty of the theme, the poetical rhetoric, as it were, of the song, is never sacrificed to mere sound. Any of the "Melodies" can be read in the library with almost as much pleasure for the sake of its own individual merits, or declaimed from the rostrum with nearly as much effect, as it can be sung in the drawing-room or concert-hall. While the most fastidious taste is gratified at hearing the "Last Rose of Summer" as arranged by Stevenson or Flotow, the scholar and the student can ponder with genuine gratification on the pure poetical beauties of such compositions as "Go where Glory waits Thee," "I saw from the Beech," etc.

Where so many excellences abound,

where all are perfect in their order, it is nearly impossible to select any particular melody more deserving of praise than the others ; but we have chosen the following, with which a very pretty and characteristic incident is connected, as it is, perhaps, the only one of the collection written in Ireland. It happened that, while on a visit to his native land, the poet was entertained by some of his admirers with a rural festival in Wicklow, in the celebrated vale of Avoca. After luncheon Moore strayed away from his friends, who, alarmed for his safety, soon went in search of him. He was found at the Meeting of the Waters, a most picturesque spot, note-book in hand, rapidly writing and apparently perfectly insensible to surrounding influences. When his labor of love was completed, he arose, and only then became aware of the presence of his companions, who considerately had forbore to interrupt him. The following was the result of the inspiration of the place :

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
 'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;  
 Oh! no: it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were  
     near,  
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more  
     dear,  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
 When we see them reflected in looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world  
     should cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

The first and second numbers of the  
 "Irish Melodies" appeared in 1807; the  
 tenth and last more than a quarter of  
 a century later. Their popularity was  
 from the beginning unbounded, and still  
 continues, notwithstanding the constant  
 change in public taste. How many edi-  
 tions of them have been published in the



English language, with and without the music, it is impossible to say, they have been so numerous. They have also been translated into all the modern, cultivated languages, including Irish, Russian, Persian, and Arabic, at least once, and in some instances several versions have appeared. They have now been sung for two generations with equal effect and pleasure in the wilds of Connaught and the gilded *salons* of Paris and Vienna; in the streets of Ispahan and on the barren shores of the Baltic; by the Yara Yara under the Southern Cross, and along the banks of our own noble "Father of Waters."

Some of the ultra nationalists among his own countrymen, we regret to say, have endeavored to cast a shadow on the patriotism and manliness of Ireland's greatest poet. Those fiery impracticables, we apprehend, have rather obscure views of what true patriotism really is. To love one's country is an admirable idea in the abstract; to serve her

interests, to defend her character, and, above all, to show in your own person that she can produce good men and great men by every means in your power, is the highest evidence of genuine patriotism. Now, what was Moore's power and proper sphere of action? Clearly his poetic genius, his almost divine gift of song, and song, too, sung in a foreign country to ears that were closed to the sublime rhetoric of Burke, the pathos of Grattan, and the thundering eloquence of O'Connell. In this respect, in awakening the most gifted and the most refined of English society, the Byrons and Rogerses, the Moiras and Lansdownes, to a sense of the cruel wrongs inflicted on the people of the sister island, Moore did more to effect a moral revolution in public opinion, and to evoke that liberal uprising which finally culminated in Catholic emancipation, than any other Irishman of this century, save, of course, the great O'Connell himself. Even in another sense he did more. Wherever music is loved and

genius revered Moore's "Irish Melodies" are sung and admired; and no matter in what tongue they are uttered, the name of Ireland, holy Ireland, her woes and sufferings, her virtues and her gallantry, are inseparably connected with them. Surely this is something to be proud of, and for which we ought to be grateful.

In 1837 appeared "The Epicurean." It was originally designed to appear in verse, and two epistles had been written under the name of the hero, Alciphron, but for sufficient reasons it was recommenced and continued in prose. Though the least known of Moore's works, it is a most fascinating tale of the early days when the effete philosophy of Egypt, Greece, and Rome was fast disappearing before the light of Christianity. His other prose works, written at long intervals, are not without merit, and, if produced by a person less distinguished in the highest department of literature, would have attracted more attention.

The principal of those are "The Life and Times of Lord Edward Fitzgerald"; "Captain Rock," an agrarian romance; "An Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," a very clever polemical disquisition; "The Life of Lord Byron," "Memoirs," and "A History of Ireland." Of the latter little laudatory can be said; it is wholly unreliable, and evidently composed hastily and without much preliminary investigation.

Of this "History" we remember to have heard the late Professor O Curry tell the following anecdote: While in Dublin, shortly after its publication, the author visited the Royal Irish Academy, and was shown all the valuable antiquities and historical mementos in which the museum abounds. On leaving the Academy, Moore turned to thank the professor for his elaborate explanations, and added: "I am only sorry that I did not come here before I wrote my history." "You probably would have altered it somewhat," replied the antiquarian

“No,” said the poet, with a significant twinkle in his eye—“no, I never would have written it. I now see how ignorant I am of the history of my own country.”

Unlike so many of his contemporaries, Moore's domestic life was, until some few years before his death, a continued scene of domestic happiness. The gross indulgences and debaucheries which, originating in the court, spread through all classes of society, had no charms for him. His refined nature, his singular affection for his mother and afterwards for his wife, and, above all, his faith, kept his morals pure and his life stainless. Early in life he married a Miss Bessy Dyke, a most estimable woman, and in her society and that of their children he found his greatest pleasure. But it was through those very children that he was to receive his greatest affliction. His son, an officer in the English army, died at an untimely age, and his daughter met her death in his presence by falling from a balcony.

Borne down by these domestic misfortunes, though always resigned to the will of Providence, he sank into the grave, full of honors and virtues, at the ripe age of seventy-four.

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The following account of a recent visit to the birthplace of Ireland's great bard, from the pen of J. P. O'Flanagan, LL.D., will be found full of interest to those unacquainted with the topography of his native city :

The house, outside of which I lingered rather long, is situated in a locality which appeared to me so prosaic as to render it difficult to imagine how poetry could have found a way to Moore's soul with so little to excite the imaginative faculty. Now, I can safely assure my readers Moore is not the only author who had his home in Aungier Street. Genius is not dead among the "children

of the Gael," as every day's experience plainly demonstrates. As I examined the details of the house, I could not help contrasting its appearance with Moore's refined tastes. The rear is one few Paris would care to see a second time. Here the actual life of the future bard must have waged a fierce war with those glorious pictures with which his brilliant imagination was ever flooding his soul, and it is a singular proof of the power of intellect that in such a dwelling poetry reigned supreme. On mentioning to the proprietor of the establishment, who was standing at the entrance to the shop with a bright-eyed little girl by his side, my desire to enter the rooms which once formed the home of our national poet, Mr. Daffron gave me prompt and willing access. He brought me through the shop, up those stairs which Thomas Moore had often trod, into the front drawing-room, where those gay suppers used to be set out of which Moore tells us : " The entertainments of

this kind given by my joyous and social father could, for gayety at least, match with the best. Our small front and back drawing-rooms, as well as a little closet attached to the latter, were on such occasions distended to their utmost capacity, and the supper-table in the small closet, where people had least room, was accordingly always the most merry. In the round of singing that followed these repasts, my mother usually took a part, having a clear, soft voice, and singing such songs as ‘How Sweet is the Woodland,’ which was one of her greatest favorites, in a very pleasing manner. I was also myself one of the performers on such occasions, and gave some of Dibdin’s songs, which were at that time in high vogue, with no small *éclat*.” The rooms of which Moore speaks are now separated by a lobby, and the front drawing-room, which faces Aungier Street, lighted by three narrow windows, in deep recesses, such as usually exist in old houses. The present owner



informed me these recesses had been much deeper when he got into possession, when the sashes were on a line with the front wall; but as the house was then in a deplorable state of ruin, he was obliged to have considerable repairs. I remarked on the narrowness of the windows, saying: "No architect nowadays would have three windows when one, or two at most, would suffice." "Of course not," he replied; "and while the repairs were going on my builder suggested altering the windows, but I declined to have any change made, as I wished to preserve the place as much as I could in its original form, *for the honor of Moore.*" "You did very right, Mr. Daffron," I said, "and every lover of literature must feel obliged to you."

Leaving the sitting-rooms, we ascended another story, and, turning to the left, Mr. Daffron led me into the room corresponding in size and shape with the drawing-room beneath. "Here, sir," he said, "our poet was born!" I took off

my hat instinctively as he spoke. I remember doing so many years ago from a similar feeling of respect. It was on visiting the statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, at Mayence. I was now in the room where a gifted Irishman was born, and I felt the aspiration of his presence as though I saw him. What a name he left ! How literature ennobles a man ! how great an influence does it exert over the soul ! Truly, the intellectual man, as compared with the uneducated, has almost as great an advantage as the man who possesses his sight over the blind. Literature confers pleasure not procurable by any amount of riches ; it affords enjoyment the deepest privations may diminish but not deprive us of. Here the young bard of Erin felt the first breath of life ; and as a room may be considered the upper garment of a person, I was curious to see how young Moore was habited. It is a tolerably good-sized apartment, with three windows looking upon Aungier

Street, and the fireplace in an angle, where the young melodist often had his food warmed. Higher yet we clambered, and entered rooms cone-ceiled and boarded. I tried to make out the rooms he thus describes: "As our house was far from spacious, the bedroom which I occupied was but a corner of that in which the two clerks slept, boarded off, and fitted up with a bed, a table, and a chest of drawers, with a bookcase over it; and here, as long as my mother's brother continued to be an inmate of our family, he and I slept together. After he left us I had this little nook to myself, and proud enough I was of my *own* apartment. Upon the door, and upon every other vacant space which my boundaries supplied, I placed inscriptions of my own composition, in the manner, as I flattered myself, of Shenstone's at the Leasowes." I carefully examined the rooms, back and front, of this portion of the house, to try and fix upon the corner allotted to Moore, and think it must have been the back

room which was thus divided, because it has a window looking on the rear. A glazier, who was at work on the premises, told me he possessed a piece of glass from one of the panes with Moore's name inscribed by himself. I asked him, as also Mr. Daffron, if any traces of the inscriptions Moore mentions existed in his time. He said not; they had probably been effaced by paint. Moore's domestic affections were very strong, and it is impossible to read his memoirs without being convinced that no matter how high the circle in which he was placed, or how much he appeared engrossed by the flattering attention of the noble and gifted, his heart was ever turning to the quiet scenes of home. He was devotedly attached to the lovely and engaging wife of his choice, to the mother he loved, to the father he revered, to his sisters and his friends. It is no small tribute to his worth that his earliest friends were his latest, and now those who survive hold his memory in affectionate regard. It is

not my province to narrate his life, to review his writings. This has been done by abler pens than mine ; but ere I leave his “home” I must jot down one or two extracts from his works to show how closely entwined in his heart were his family ties.

TO MY MOTHER.

They tell us of an Indian tree,  
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky  
May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
And shoot and blossom wide and high,  
Far better loves to bend its arms  
Downward again to that dear earth  
From which the life that fills and warms  
Its grateful being first had birth.  
'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends  
And fed with fame (if fame it be),  
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
With love's true instinct, back to thee.

The second was written when he was far away from Ireland. It is so homely a picture of the life he led in this dwelling I cannot forbear inserting it.

TO MISS MOORE.

*From Norfolk, in Virginia.*

In days, my Kate, when life was new,  
When, lull'd with innocence and you,

I heard, in home's belovéd shade,  
The din the world at distance made;  
When every night my weary head  
Sank on its own unthornéd bed,  
And, mild as evening's matron hour  
Looks on the faintly-shutting flower,  
A mother saw our eyelids close,  
And blessed them into pure repose;  
Then haply, if a week, a day,  
I lingered from that home away,  
How long the little absence seemed!  
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,  
As mute you heard, with eager smile,  
My tales of all that passed the while!

Now eager listener and ardent narrator are alike silent. Another family occupies the poet's home. Another mother watches over her children in the twilight, and blesses them into sleep. If they are absent, she welcomes them back, and listens to the prattling narrative of their childish rambles. Thus it is ever with life. Here to-day, and strange feet press our hearths to-morrow. I was glad to find Mr. Daffron fully appreciates the distinguished Irishman who was born in his house, and I tender him my thanks for his courtesy and kindness.

We shall not linger any longer at the  
home or haunts of Moore in Dublin.

Silence is in our festal halls.

Sweet son of song! thy course is o'er,  
In vain on thee sad Erin calls :

Her minstrel's voice responds no more.

Yet at our feasts thy spirit, long

Awaked by music's spell, shall rise ;  
For name so linked with deathless song  
Partakes its fame, and never dies.

## THOMAS O. DAVIS,

### THE MINSTREL OF MALLOW.

IN heartiness, fire, and force of expression the poems of Thomas Davis may be ranked first of all those brilliant literary efforts which made the columns of the old *Dublin Nation* so attractive to the friends and so distasteful to the enemies of Ireland. Davis was by no means the most polished or the most original versifier of the so-called "Young Ireland" school; we could mention at least half a dozen contemporary writers, male and female, who were far superior to him in those qualities; but his songs and ballads have something so warm and racy in them that from the moment of their appearance they attained a wide popularity which continues unabated to the present day.

Thomas Osborne Davis was born at



Mallow, in Cork County, in the year 1814. His parents were rich enough to afford him an excellent primary education, and, when he had attained a suitable age, to send him to Trinity College to complete his studies. Though possessing good capacity, a studious disposition, and great fondness for books, young Davis's college course was unmarked by any noteworthy incident; and few, if any, of his associates imagined that under his quiet exterior, gentle manners, and kindly temper lay a heart that would one day beat responsive to the wildest throbs of popular passion, and a mind strong and vigorous enough to plan and carry out the most elaborate schemes of social and political amelioration.

Of his life while at Trinity his friend and biographer, Wallis, in an introduction to his poetical works, says: "Until about three years before his death, as I am assured, he had never written a line of poetry. His efforts to acquire know-

ledge, to make himself useful, to find a suitable sphere of action, were incessant; but he tried every path and took every direction but this. The warmth of his affections, and his intense enjoyment of the beauties of nature and character, of literature and art, ought early to have marked him out as one destined to soar and sing, as well as to think and act. But the fact is that among his youthful contemporaries, for many a long year, he got as little credit for any promise this way as he did for any other remarkable qualities beyond extreme good nature, untiring industry, and very varied learning.

“ Truth to say, much of this early misconception of his character was Davis’s own fault. He learned much, suffered much I have no doubt, felt and sympathized much, and hoped and enjoyed abundantly; but he had not yet learned to rely on himself. His powers were like the nucleus of an embryo star, un-compressed, unpurified, flickering, and

indistinct. He carried about with him a huge load of what other men, most of them statista and logicians, had thought proper to assert; but what he thought and felt himself he did not think of putting forward. The result was that during his college course and for some years after, while he was very generally liked, he had, unless perhaps with some who knew him intimately, but a moderate reputation for high ability of any kind. In his twenty-fifth year, as I remember—that is, in the spring of 1839—he began first to break out of this. His opinions began to have weight, and his character and influence to unfold themselves in a variety of ways. In the following year he entered political life.”

The establishment of the *Nation*, however, was the true occasion which evoked the latent genius of Davis. The Repeal agitation, commenced by the great O’Connell in 1840, had infused a new spirit into the Irish people, and created a taste for periodical and serial litera-

ture which the magazines and newspapers then in existence could not satisfy. Among the young and more intelligent supporters of the *Liberator*, therefore, it was agreed that a new weekly paper should be founded, which, collecting into one focus all the ability and intelligence of the nationalists, would, as its motto expressed it, "create and foster a sound public opinion, and make it racy of the soil." In the autumn of 1842 the new organ of public opinion appeared under the direction of three afterwards distinguished men—Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis, and John B. Dillon; while the number of paid and volunteer contributors could not have been less than fifty or sixty, many of whom had already made an enviable reputation in the world of letters. Duffy, who had the advantage of his associates in his knowledge of practical journalism, besides being a writer of remarkable power and earnestness, had a keen insight into human nature, both in the individual

and in the aggregate. He felt that, in order to lift up the popular taste and elevate the standard of national literature, it was necessary to substitute for the vulgar comic songs, street ballads, and sickly sentimental ditties of the Haines Bailey order, stirring Irish lyrics, well constructed, adapted to the old airs, healthy in tone, and patriotic in purpose. He saw also that Davis was the proper person to initiate this reform in the people's muse, and by great persuasion induced his young associate to undertake the task. Davis, the most modest of men, at first doubted his ability to supply a deficiency which he also had observed; but once he set to work, his success was marvellous to everybody, and probably to none more than himself.

Duffy was right, and before many numbers of the *Nation* had been issued the signature of "The Celt" had become a familiar and a welcome one in thousands of Irish households. Though

on his father's side the descendant of a Welsh family, Davis always prided himself on his Celtic blood and feeling ; and it was in response to the remark of a metropolitan journal, attacking, as he supposed, that race, that he wrote this beautiful poem, which, in addition to its other qualities, contains much sound advice :

## CELTS AND SAXONS.

## I.

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,  
We hate the Norman men ;  
We cursed their greed for blood and gain,  
We curse them now again.  
Yet start not, Irish-born man ;  
If you're to Ireland true,  
We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—  
We have no curse for you.

## II.

We have no curse for you or yours,  
But friendship's steady grasp,  
And faith to stand by you and yours  
Until our latest gasp—  
To stand by you against all foes,  
Howe'er or whence they come,  
With traitor arts, with bribes or blows,  
From England, France, or Rome.

## III.

What matter that at different shrines  
We pray unto one God ?  
What matter that at different times  
Our fathers won this sod ?  
In fortune and in name we're bound  
By stronger links than steel ;  
And neither can be safe nor sound  
But in the other's weal.

## IV.

As Nubian rocks and Ethiop sands,  
Long drifting down the Nile,  
Build up old Egypt's fertile lands  
For many a hundred mile,  
So pagan clans to Ireland came,  
And clans from Christendom,  
Yet joined their wisdom and their fame  
To build a nation from.

## V.

Here came the brown Phœnician,  
The man of trade and toil ;  
Here came the proud Milesian,  
A-hungering for spoil ;  
And the Firbolg and the Cymry,  
And the hard, enduring Dane,  
And the iron lords of Normandy  
With the Saxons in their train.

## VI.

And oh ! it were a gallant deed  
To show before mankind  
How every race and every creed  
Might be by love combined—

## IRISH POETS.

Might be combined, yet not forget  
The fountain whence they rose,  
As, fired by many a rivulet,  
The stately Shannon flows.

### VII.

Nor would we wreak our ancient feud  
On Belgian or on Dane,  
Nor visit in a hostile mood  
The hearths of Gaul and Spain ;  
But long as on our country lies  
The Anglo-Norman yoke,  
Their tyranny we'll signalize,  
And God's revenge invoke.

### VIII.

We do not hate, we never cursed,  
Nor spoke a foeman's word  
Against a man in Ireland nursed,  
Howe'er we thought he erred.  
So start not, Irish-born man ;  
If you're to Ireland true.  
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan—  
We've hearts and hands for you.

Such were Davis's sentiments, carried out in his prose writings and speeches with equal sincerity and fervor ; and his example, as well as his teachings, had a remarkable effect in winning to the national cause many young and talented fellow-Protestants who eventually became most efficient laborers in the Re-



peal movement. The gifted poet, of course, threw himself heart and soul into that agitation, and was soon one of the most valuable and trusted of O'Connell's assistants; for his voice on the rostrum or in council was as readily at the service of his country as in the editorial chair or the library. He admired the greatness of the "uncrowned monarch of the Irish people"; and perhaps no description of the personal appearance, character, and temperament of the Liberator ever was more happily combined than in his metrical delineation of the lineaments of each, with a justification of his course as an Irishman and an opponent of foreign domination. It was addressed to the sculptor Hogan, who was preparing the design of a statue of

## O'CONNELL.

Chisel the likeness of the Chief  
Not in gayety or grief:  
Change not by your art to stone  
Ireland's laugh or Ireland's moan.  
Dark her tale, and none can tell  
Its fearful chronicle so well.

Her frame is bent, her wounds are deep ;  
Who like him her woes can weep ?  
He can be gentle as a bride,  
While none can rule with kinglier pride ;  
Calm to hear and wise to prove,  
Yet gay as a lark in soaring love.  
Well it were posterity  
Should have some image of his glee :  
That easy humor, blossoming  
Like the thousand flowers of spring !  
Glorious the marble which could show  
His bursting sympathy for woe—  
Could catch the pathos, flowing wild,  
Like mother's milk to craving child.

And oh ! how princely were the art  
Could mould his mien or tell his heart,  
When sitting sole on Tara's Hill,  
While hung a million on his will !  
Yet not in gayety nor grief  
Chisel the image of our Chief,  
Nor even in that haughty hour  
When a nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll  
His own and Ireland's secret soul,  
And give to other times to scan  
The greatest greatness of the man ?  
Fierce defiance let him be  
Hurling at our enemy.  
From a base as fair and sure  
As our love is true and pure,  
Let his statue rise as tall  
And firm as a castle wall ;  
On his broad brow let there be

**A type of Ireland's history :**  
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,  
Strong and changeful as a storm ;  
Let whole centuries of wrong  
Upon his recollection throng—  
Strongbow's force and Henry's wile,  
Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile,  
And iron Strafford's tiger jaws,  
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws ;  
Not forgetting Saxon faith,  
Not forgetting Norman seaith,  
Not forgetting William's word,  
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword ;  
Let the Union's fetter vile—  
The shame and ruin of our isle ;  
Let the blood of Ninety-eight  
And our present blighting fate ;  
Let the poor mechanic's lot,  
And the peasant's ruined cot,  
Plundered wealth and glory flown  
Ancient honors overthrown ;  
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,  
Knit his look to purpose stern.  
Mould all this into one thought,  
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught  
Still let our glories through it gleam,  
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,  
Or like a flashing wave at night,  
Bright, 'mid the solemn darkness bright.  
Let the memory of old days  
Shine through the statesman's anxious face—  
Dathi's power and Brian's fame,  
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame,  
And the spirit of Red Hugh,  
And the pride of Eighty-two,  
And the victories he won,

And the hope that leads him on !  
Let whole armies seem to fly  
From his threatening hand and eye ;  
Be the strength of all the land  
Like a falchion in his hand,  
And be his gestures sternly grand.  
A braggart tyrant swore to smite  
A people struggling for their right—  
O'Connell dared him to the field,  
Content to die, but never yield.  
Fancy such a soul as his  
In a moment such as this,  
Like a cataract or foaming tide,  
Or army charging in its pride,  
Thus he spoke and thus he stood,  
Proffering in our cause his blood ;  
Thus his country loves him best—  
To image this is your behest :  
Chisel thus, and thus alone,  
If to man you'd change the stone.

The affection and esteem which subsisted between O'Connell and his young colaborer lasted without interruption till the death of the latter, though on some occasions Davis differed openly with his chief. When the news of the poet's death, on the 16th of September, 1845, reached O'Connell in Kerry, he was deeply grieved, not only for the untimely demise of his friend, but for the loss

which Ireland had sustained in being deprived at so critical a period of her history of the service of so true and reliable a son. Writing to the Repeal Committee in Dublin, he feelingly said :

“ I know not what to write. My mind is bewildered and my heart afflicted. The loss of my beloved friend—my noble-minded friend—is a source of the deepest sorrow to my mind. What a blow—what a cruel blow—to the cause of Irish nationality ! He was a creature of transcendent qualities of mind and heart. His learning was universal ; his knowledge was as minute as it was general. And then he was a being of such incessant energy and continuous exertion. I of course, in the few years—if years they be—still left me, cannot expect to look upon his like again, or to see the place he has left vacant adequately filled up ; and I solemnly declare that I never knew any man who could be so useful to Ireland in the present stage of her struggles. His loss is

indeed irreparable. What an example he was to the Protestant youths of Ireland! What a noble emulation of his virtues ought to be excited in the Catholic young men of Ireland! And his heart, too—it was as gentle, as kind, as loving as a woman's. Yes, it was as tenderly kind as his judgment was comprehensive and his genius magnificent. We shall long deplore his loss. As I stand alone in the solitude of my mountains, many a tear shall I shed to the memory of the noble youth. Oh! how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country. Put me down among the foremost contributors to whatever monument or tribute to his memory shall be voted by the National Association. Never did they perform a more imperative or, alas! so sad a duty. I can write no more—my tears blind me; and after all, *Fungar inane munere.*"

What nobler eulogy could any Irishman desire than these touching words

of O'Connell? At the time he penned them he had nearly reached threescore and ten—the limit of the lives of ordinary men—and they were written of one who was less than half his age, and whose public services did not extend over more than three years. But intense as were these expressions of grief, they only embodied the general feeling of the country. All his associates on the *Nation* mourned for him, and recorded their sorrow in pathetic prose or touching verse; while the thousands who had never known him, save through his writings, scarcely felt less keenly the loss which they, in common with all their countrymen, had sustained.

Duffy, who had helped to draw out his retiring genius, and whose relations with him must have been of the most intimate and confidential nature, thus writes of him shortly after his demise :

“ We are still too near to see his proportions truly. The friends to whom his singularly noble and lovable character

was familiar, and who knew all the great designs he was bringing to maturity, are in no fit condition to measure his intellectual force with a calm judgment. The people who knew him imperfectly, or not at all—for it was one of the practical lessons he taught the young men of his generation to be chary of notoriety—have still to gather from his works whatever faint image of a true great man can ever be collected from his books. Till they have done this they will not be prepared to hear the whole truth of him.

“All he was, and might have become, they can never fully know; as it is, their unconsciousness of what they have lost impresses those who knew him and them with that pitying pain we feel for the indifference of a child to the death of his father.

“Students who will be eager to estimate him for themselves must take in connection with his works the fact that over the grave of this man, living only



to manhood, and occupying only a private station, there gathered a union of parties and a combination of intellect that would have met round that of no other man who lived in our time. No life—not that of Gutenberg, or Franklin, or Tone—illustrates more strikingly than his how often it is necessary to turn aside from the dais on which stand the great and titled, for the real moving power of the time—the men who are stirring like a soul in the bosom of society. Such a one they will speedily discover Davis to have been.”

Samuel Ferguson, also, a brother poet, in his noble verses shortly before Davis's death, truly and beautifully says :

O brave young men ! our pride, our joy, our promise !

’Tis on you that my hopes are set ;  
In manliness, in courage, and in justice  
To make of Erin a nation yet,

Self-instructing, self-relying, self-advancing,  
In union, as in severance, bold and strong.  
And if God grant this, under God to Thomas Davis  
Does the greater praise belong.

Another favorite of the muses with gentle and womanly hand laid the following graceful garland on the tomb of the departed poet :

Go, mix with the crowds where his praises are spoken ;  
Go, watch the wet eyes that hang over each token

His genius hath given of his birth ;

Would millions in one common grief be combined,  
If some spell-word, embracing the heart and the mind

Of man in its magical girth,

Were not left, like a scroll from his spirit, behind

To circle and gird up the earth !

Grief, grief !

The minstrel magician, the patriot chief,

To praise him is some—oh ! how little—relief.

Nor was the grief expressed at his death, or his fame as a sweet and bold singer, confined to his own day and generation. On the contrary, it has grown with time, and spread far beyond the limits of the island for which he sang and wrote. Wherever the Irish Gaels are to be found—and in what spot on the surface of the globe are they not to be found ?—the lyrics of Thomas Davis are sung and admired by every true Irish man and woman. Who with Irish

blood in his veins could resist the ringing spirit which breathes in every line of the following ballad when sung to its appropriate air, "Viva la"?

## CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

## I.

When, on Ramillies' bloody field,  
The bailed French were forced to yield,  
The victor Saxon backward reeled  
Before the charge of Clare's dragoons.  
The flags we conquered in that fray  
Look lone on Ypres' choir, they say;  
We'll win them company to-day,  
Or bravely die like Clare's dragoons.

*Chorus:*

*Viva la* for Ireland's wrong!  
*Viva la* for Ireland's right!  
*Viva la*, in battle throng,  
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

## II.

The brave old lord died near the fight,  
But for each drop he lost that night  
A Saxon cavalier shall bite  
The dust before Lord Clare's dragoons.  
For never when our spurs were set,  
And never when our sabres met,  
Could we the Saxon soldiers get  
To stand the shock of Clare's dragoons.

*Chorus:**Viva la* the new brigade !*Viva la* the old one, too !*Viva la*, the rose shall fade,

And the shamrock shine for ever new !

## III.

Another Clare is here to lead,

The worthy son of such a breed ;

The French expect some famous deed

When Clare leads on his bold dragoons.

Our colonel comes of Brian's race,

His wounds are in his breast and face,

The *bearna baoghail* \* is still his place,

The foremost of his brave dragoons.

*Chorus:**Viva la* the old brigade !*Viva la* the new one, too !*Viva la*, the rose shall fade,

And the shamrock shine for ever new !

## IV.

There's not a man in squadron here

Was ever known to flinch or fear,

Though first in charge and last in rear,

Have ever been Lord Clare's dragoons.

But, see ! we'll soon have work to do

To shame our boasts or prove them true ;

For hither comes the English crew

To sweep away Lord Clare's dragoons.

*Chorus:**Viva la* for Ireland's wrong !*Viva la* for Ireland's right !*Viva la*, in battle throng,

For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

\* Gap of danger.

V.

O comrades ! think how Ireland pines  
 Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,  
 Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,  
 And bursting charge of Clare's dragoons.  
 Then fling your green flag to the sky,  
 Let Limerick be your battle-cry,  
 And charge till blood flows fetlock high  
 Around the track of Clare's dragoons.

*Chorus :*

*Viva la* the new brigade !  
*Viva la* the old one, too !  
*Viva la*, the rose shall fade,  
 And the shamrock shine for ever new !

But the Muse of Davis was capable of even greater things than cheering the social circle and exciting the military ardor of his young countrymen. It has inspired many a brilliant passage of patriotic eloquence, and afforded themes of praise and outbursts of enthusiasm to some of our greatest orators and most effective preachers. Take, for instance, the following passage from one of Father Burke's lectures :

" A hand less unworthy came—a hand less unworthy than Thomas Moore's ; a hand more loyal and true than even his

was—when in Ireland's lays appeared the immortal Thomas Davis. He and the men whose hearts beat with such high hope for young Ireland seized the sad, silent harp of Erin, and sent forth another thrill in the invitation to the men of the North to join hands with their Catholic brethren; to the men of the South to remember the glories of 'Brian the Brave.' To the men of Connaught he seemed to call forth Roderick O'Connor from his grave at Clonmacnoise. He rallied Ireland in that year so memorable for its hopes and for the blighting of those hopes. He and the men of the *Nation* did what this world has never seen in the same space of time, by the sheer power of Irish genius, by the sheer strength of young Ireland's intellect; the *Nation* of 1843 created a national poetry, a national literature, which no other country can equal. Under the magic voices and pens of these men every ancient glory of Ireland stood forth again. I remember it

well. I was but a boy at the time ; but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading ‘ Davis’s Poems ’ ; and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the brigade at Fontenoy. It would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war-cry of the Red Hand—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the hot sun, melted away before the Irish onset. The dream of the poet—the aspiration of the true Irish heart—is yet unfulfilled. But remember that there is something sacred in the poet’s dream. The inspiration of genius is second only to the inspiration of religion. There is something sacred and infallible—with all our human fallibility—in the hope of a nation that has never allowed the hope of freedom to be extinguished.”

Thomas Davis died in the thirty-second year of his age ; and when we re-

collect how much he produced, both in prose and poetry, in the last three years of his life, we are not only surprised at the variety and importance of his labors, but our regrets at his loss are increased by the reflection that, had he been spared, how capable he would have been of producing much more that would have surpassed even his immortal verse. But he was cut off ere he had reached the noon of his life, and his country weepingly enshrines him in her heart among the long list of her glorious children who spoke and wrought, sang and perished, for her. When better days dawn on Ireland, when "many a deed shall wake in praise that now must sleep in blame," the spot where the mortal remains of the gifted, warm-hearted, true-souled young poet reposes, in St. Jerome's churchyard, will become sacred in the eyes of a regenerated, disenthralled nation.



## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

OF all the poets, young and middle-aged, who clustered round the office of the *Dublin Nation*, and weekly illuminated its pages with their wit, pathos, and enthusiasm, the quaintest, most original, and least amenable to social or literary laws was James Clarence Mangan. He was the oldest, also, of his "youth's compeers," for he was born some time in the year 1803, and, though not of a disposition to court friendship or to care for influence, he was always looked upon with great affection by his more fortunate fellow-laborers.

The youth of the poet is shrouded in obscurity. We know that he was a native of Dublin, where his father was a grocer of the humbler sort, and that his early education was both limited in time and extent. When still a lad he was ap-

prenticed for seven long years, as the custom then was, to a scrivener, and, that wretched probation having been passed, he began to earn a scanty subsistence as an attorney's clerk.

How he spent his leisure—if he ever had anything that can be called leisure; who were his associates; how he contrived, with a training so limited and means so stinted, to acquire so thorough a knowledge of the English language, and so complete a mastery of its most difficult idioms and synonyms, will probably never be known. He has left no intimate friend to describe his private life, and he was too sensitive and proud to reveal his secrets to mere acquaintances. We find that, when about twenty-seven years of age, he made his first appearance in print as the author of poetical translations from the Irish and German languages. These fugitive pieces were published in the *Dublin Penny Journal* and *Irish Penny Magazine*, and at once attracted great attention, be-

sides winning for the author a scanty subsistence, and, what he prized more, the friendship of such men as Dr. Anster, Dr. Petrie, and Eugene O'Curry. It was, we are informed, through the influence of Petrie that Mangan subsequently obtained a subordinate position in the library of Trinity College; and to the latter he owed many of the literal translations from the Gaelic which he has put into verse with such astonishing fidelity. Meanwhile, he had become a contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, then, as now, one of the best-written periodicals in Europe.

In 1845 appeared his "Anthologia Germanica," two small volumes containing his translations, or rather paraphrases, from German poets, forty-four in number. To what extent Mangan was able to carry his knowledge of the German language it is now impossible to say, but it is probable that if he had any acquaintance at all with the difficult idiom of the Teutonic tongue, it was a

very slight one ; yet his rendering of some of the most peculiar and elaborate efforts of the modern poets of that nationality was, in most instances, fully equal to the originals, and not unfrequently even superior. Take, for example, the following from no less a poet than Friedrich Schiller :

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

At thee *the mocker* \* sneers in cold derision,  
Through thee he seeks to desecrate and dim  
Glory for which he hath no soul or vision ;  
For " God " and " angel " are but sounds with him.  
He makes the jewels of the heart his booty,  
And scoffs at man's belief and woman's beauty.

Yet thou, a lowly shepherdess, descended  
Not from a kingly but a godly race,  
Art crowned by Poesy ! Amid the splendid  
Of heaven's high stars she builds thy dwelling-place,  
Garlands thy temples with a wreath of glory,  
And swathes thy memory in eternal story.

The base of this weak world exult as seeing  
The fair defaced, the lofty in the dust ;  
Yet grieve not ! There are godlike hearts in being  
Which worship still the beautiful and just.  
Let Momus and his mummers please the crowd ;  
Of nobleness alone a noble mind is proud.

\* Voltaire.

The following beautiful piece from Uhland has been excellently translated into English by several distinguished writers, and especially by our own Longfellow, whose version, though the sweetest of any, is scarcely as accurate in spirit and versification as Mangan's. Those who have read both will easily perceive the difference :

## SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.

A many a summer is dead and buried  
Since over the flood I last was ferried ;  
And then, as now, the noon lay bright  
On strand, and water, and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest  
Two companions, the best and dearest ;  
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,  
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn by care and illness,  
Sought the grave of the just in stillness ;  
The other's shroud was the bloody rain  
And thunder-smoke of the battle plain.

Yet still, when memory's necromancy  
Robes the past in hues of fancy,  
Medreameth I hear and see the twain,  
With talk and smiles, at my side again !

Even the grave is a bond of union:  
 Spirit and spirit best hold communion!  
 Seen through faith, by the inward eye,  
 It is *after* life they are truly nigh.

Then, ferryman, take this coin, I pray thee:  
 Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee;  
 For, though thou seest them not, there stand  
 Anear me two from the phantom-land.

Freiligrath, who some forty years ago was so great a favorite with his countrymen, seems to have captivated the imagination of his Irish translator as much by weird poems of the desert as by his broad, patriotic sympathy. Here is a specimen of his style in giving expression to the latter feeling, which, if the term were not hackneyed, might be called, from the depth of sympathy and strength of expression, Byronic:

#### FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

Oh! think not the twain have gone down to their graves;

Oh! say not that mankind should basely despair,  
 Because earth is yet trodden by tyrants and slaves,  
 And the sighs of the noble are spent on the air!

Oh! no; though the Pole, from the swamps of the North,

Sees trampled in shreds the bright banner he bore;

Though Italy's heroes in frenzy pour forth  
The rich blood of their hearts on the dark dun-  
geon-floor,

Still live—  
Ever live in their might  
Both Freedom and Right!

Who fight in the van of the battle must fall;  
All honor be theirs —'tis for us to press on!  
They have struck the first links from the gyves that  
enthrall

Men's minds; and the half of our triumph is won—  
The swift-coming triumph of Freedom and Right.

Yes, tremble, ye despots! the hour will have  
birth

When as vampires and bats, by the arrows of light,  
Your nature, your names, will be blasted from  
earth!

For still—  
Still live in their might,  
Fair Freedom and Right!

Gone down to the grave? No! if ever their breath  
Gave life to the paralyzed nations, 'tis now,  
When the serf at length wakes, as from torpor or  
death,

And the sunshine of hope gleams anew on his  
brow:

They traverse the globe in a whirlwind of fire,  
They sound their deep trumpet o'er ocean and  
land,

Enkindling in myriads the quenchless desire  
To arm as one man for the conflict at hand!

Oh! still—  
Still live in their might  
Both Freedom and Right!

They rouse even dastards to combat and dare,  
 Till the last of oppression's bastiles be o'erthrown ;  
 When they conquer not here, they are conquering  
     elsewhere,  
 And ere long they will conquer all earth for their  
     own.  
 Then first will be born the millennium of peace ;  
 And, O God ! what a garland will bloom in the  
     sun  
 When the oak-leaf of Deutchland, the olive of Greece,  
 And the trefoil of Ireland be blended in one !  
                     As they will—  
     For still in their might  
     Live Freedom and Right.

And what though, before that millennium can dawn,  
 The bones of our bravest must bleach on the plain ?  
 Thank Heaven ! they will feel that the swords they  
     have drawn  
 Will be sheathed by the victors, undimmed by a  
     stain ;  
 And their names through all times will be shrined in  
     each heart  
 As the moral Columbuses—they who unfurled  
 The sunbeamy standard that shone as a chart  
 To illumine our way to the better New World.  
                     Still live—  
     Ever live in their might  
     Both Freedom and Right !

When, in 1842, the *Dublin Nation* was  
 established, Mangan became one of its  
 earliest and most valued contributors,  
 and continued to adorn its pages with



original poems and Irish translations for many years. Though very eccentric, both in manner and genius, he easily won the respect of such men as Davis and Duffy, and when the former died he found in Mr. Duffy a very warm, practical, and considerate friend. Some of his contributions to the *Nation* are considered his best productions. Take, for example, the following soul-stirring poem, written in 1846, when the spirit of the whole people was aroused to the highest pitch of hopefulness and enthusiasm :

#### THE PEAL OF ANOTHER TRUMPET.

“Irlande, Irlande, réjouis-toi ! Pour toi l’heure de vengeance est sonnée. Ton tribun prépare ta délivrance ” (from the “*Derniers Mots*” of Mlle. Lenormand, the celebrated French Pythoness).

##### I.

Youths of Ireland, patriots, friends !  
Know ye what shall be your course  
When the storm that now impends  
Shall come down in all its force ?  
Glance around you ! You behold  
How the horizon of the time  
Hourly wears a duskier hue.

From all else await we bold  
 Bearing and resolve sublime—  
 Youths of Ireland, what from you?

## II.

Will you bide irresolute?  
 Will you stand with folded arms,  
 Purposeless, disheartened, mute,  
 As men hopeless of escape,  
 Till the wildest, worst alarms  
 Of your souls take giant shape?  
 Are you dastards? Are you dolts?  
 Irishmen! shall *you* be seen  
 With white lips and faltering mien,  
 When all earth, when heaven above,  
 Torn by thousand thunderbolts,  
 Rocks and reels which way you move?

## III.

Oh! no, no! Forfend it, Heaven!  
 Such debasement cannot be!  
 Pillaged of your liberty,  
 You are not as yet bereaven  
 Of that heritage of bravery  
 Which descends to you through ages,  
 And ennobles all, save slavery.  
 Yours, thank God! are manhood still,  
 And the inborn strength of soul  
 Which naught outward can control,  
 And the headlong, chariot-will,  
 Ever bounding, never bending,  
 Which, alike with sword or song,  
 As befits the season, wages  
 Unrelenting war with wrong—  
 Unrelenting and unending.

## IV.

Gentler gifts are yours no less—  
Tolerance of the faults of others ;  
Love of mankind as your brothers ;  
Generous pity, tenderness,  
Soul-felt sympathy with grief ;  
The warm heart, the wingèd hand,  
Whereso suffering craves relief.  
Through all regions hath your fame  
For such virtues long gone forth ;  
The smart slave of Kaffirland,  
The frore denizen of the North,  
The dusk Indian Mingo chief  
In his lone Savannahs green,  
The wild, wandering Bedouin,  
'Mid his wastes of sand and flame—  
All have heard how, unsubdued  
By long centuries of sorrow,  
You still cherish in your bosoms  
The deep love no wrongs can slay,  
And the hopes which, crushed to-day,  
Bear their crests afresh, renewed  
In immortal youth, to-morrow,  
Like the spring's rejoicing blossom.

## V.

And 'tis well you thus can blend  
Softest moods of minds with sternest—  
Well you thus can temper earnest  
Might with more than feminine meekness,  
Thus can soar and thus descend ;  
For even now the wail of want,  
The despairful cry of weakness,  
Rings throughout a stricken land,  
And blood-blackening plague and gaunt  
Famine roam it hand in hand !

To you now the millions turn  
 With glazed eyes and lips that burn ;  
 To you lies their last appeal—  
     To your hearts, your feelings, reason.  
     Oh ! stretch forth your hands in season.  
 Soothe and solace, help and heal !  
 Rich in blessings, bright with beauty,  
     Shine their name throughout all æons :  
     Theirs who nobly consecrate  
 To self-sacrificing duty  
     Their best years—the new St. Leons  
     Who thus conquer time and fate !

## VI.

But far more, far more than this,  
     Youths of Ireland, stand prepared !  
 Revolution's red abyss  
     Burns beneath us, all but bared ;  
 And on high the fire-charged cloud  
     Blackens in the firmament ;  
 And afar we list the loud  
     Sea-voice of the unknown event.  
     Youths of Ireland, stand prepared !  
 For all woes the meek have died,  
     For all risks the brave have dared,  
 As for suffering, so for deed,  
                     Stand prepared !  
 For contumely and coercion,  
 For dark treachery and desertion  
 In the ranks of our own host,  
 In the friends you prize the most,  
                     Stand prepared !  
 For the pestilence that striketh  
 Where it listeth, whom it liketh :  
 For the blight whose deadly might  
 Desolateth day and night ;

For a sword that never spared,  
                        Stand prepared !  
Though that gory sword be bared,  
                        Be not seared !  
Do not blanch and dare not falter !  
For the axe and for the halter  
                        Stand prepared !  
And give God the glory  
If, where'er the wreath of story  
Swathe your names, the men whose hands  
                        Brightly twine it  
                        May enshrine it  
In one temple with your lands.

Some of Mangan's versifications from ancient Gaelic ballads and songs possess wonderful power, pathos, and rhythmical melody. Though altogether unacquainted with the vernacular tongue, it has been said, by those familiar with the originals, that the modern versions contain all the spirit and feeling of the ancient poems in an improved and more lucid form and measure. "The Woman of Three Cows," "The Dream of John MacDonnell," "Dark Rosaleen," "The Will of Cathair Mor," and about a dozen others, are of this character. But perhaps the more truly Irish of all is

the “Elegy” on the death of the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who, obliged to fly from home in 1607, after the failure of O’Neill’s gallant and protracted struggle against Elizabeth, died at Rome and were buried in one grave. The poem is long, but will well repay perusal; and, as a fitting introduction to it, we quote the following account of their departure from Ireland from Dr. O’Donovan’s translation of the “Four Masters”:

“Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O’Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbor of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O’Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh), and the Earl O’Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus), and many others of the nobles of the Province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O’Neill—namely, his Countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons; Hugh the Baron,

John, and Brian ; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the baron ; Ferdoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill ; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill ; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell—namely, Caffer, his brother, and his sister Nuala ; Hugh, the earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old ; Rose, daughter of O'Dougherty and wife of Caffer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months ; his (Rory's) brother's son, Donnell Oge, son of Donnell ; Naghtan, son of Calvagh, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell ; and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the festival of the Holy Cross, in autumn. This was a distinguished company ; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted, in modern times, a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point

of genealogy, heroic deeds, valor, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they.\*

LAMENT FOR THE PRINCES OF TYRONE AND TYR-  
CONNELL.

(From the Irish of Owen Roe Mac-au-Bhaird.†)

O Woman of the Piercing Wail,  
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay  
With sigh and groan,  
Would God thou wert among the Gael!  
Thou wouldst not then from day to day  
Weep thus alone.  
'Twere long before, around a grave  
In green Tyrconnell, one could find  
This loneliness;  
Near where Beann-Boiriche's banners wave  
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined  
Companionousless.

Beside the wave, in Donegal,  
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,  
Or Killilee,  
Or where the sunny waters fall  
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,  
This could not be.

\* For the details of the lives of O'Neill and O'Donnell the reader is referred to Mitchell's "Life of Hugh O'Neill," which has all the charms of a romance blended with strict historical accuracy, and to Rev. C. P. Meehan's "Tyrone and Tyrconnell."

† *Mac-au-Bhaird*, Anglice McWard.



On Derry's plains—in rich Drunelieff—  
 Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned  
     In olden years,  
 No day could pass but woman's grief  
     Would rain upon the burial-ground  
     Fresh floods of tears.

Oh! no; from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,  
     From high Dauluce's castle-walls,  
     From Lissadill,  
 Would flock alike both rich and poor;  
     One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls  
     To Tara's hill;  
 And some would come from Barrow-side,  
     And many a maid would leave her home  
     On Leitrim's plains,  
 And by melodious Banna's tide,  
     And by the Mourne and Erne, to come  
     And swell the strains.

Oh! horses' hoofs would trample down  
     The mount whereon the martyr saint \*  
     Was crucified;  
 From glen and hill, from plain and town,  
     One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,  
     Would echo wide.  
 There would not soon be found, I ween,  
     One foot of ground among those bands  
     For museful thought,  
 So many shriekers of the *caoine* †  
     Would cry aloud and clap their hands,  
     All woë-distraught.

\* *St. Peter*.—This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one; the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—Tr.

† *Caoine*—pronounced *keen*—a funeral wail.

Two princes of the line of Conn  
 Sleep in their cells of clay beside  
     O'Donnell Roe ;  
 Three royal youths, alas ! are gone,  
     Who lived for Erin's weal, but died  
     For Erin's woe !  
 Ah ! could the men of Ireland read  
     The names these noteless burial stones  
     Display to view,  
 Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,  
     Their tears gush forth again, their groans  
     Resound anew !

The youths whose relics moulder here  
     Were sprung from Hugh, his prince and lord  
     Of Aileach's lands—  
 Thy noble brothers, justly dear ;  
     Thy nephew, long to be deplored  
     By Ulster's bands.  
 Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time  
     Could domicile decay or house  
     Decrepitude !  
 They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,  
     Ere years had power to dim their brows  
     Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,  
     Or who can blame thy flowing tears,  
     That knows their source ?  
 O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,  
     Cut off amid his vernal years,  
     Lies here a corse  
 Beside his brother Cathbar, whom  
     Tyrconnell of the Helmets mourns  
     In deep despair—

For valor, truth, and comely bloom,  
For all that greatens and adorns,  
A peerless pair.

Oh! had these twain, and he, the third,  
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,  
Their mate in death—

A prince in look, in deed, and word—  
Had these three heroes yielded on  
The field their breath,

Oh! had they fallen on Crifflán's plain,  
There would not be a town or clan,  
From shore to sea,  
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,  
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*\*  
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,  
On fields where freedom's torch still burned  
Through Erin's gloom,

If one, if barely one, of those  
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned  
The hero's doom!

If at Athboy, where hosts of brave  
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath  
The shock of spears,

Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,  
Long must the North have wept his death  
With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballachmyre  
The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,  
A warrior's fate,

\* *Rann*, a song.

In vain would such as thou desire  
 To mourn, alone, the champion sprung  
     From Niall the Great!

No marvel this; for all the dead  
 Heaped on the field, pile over pile,  
     At Mullach-brack,  
 Were scarce an *eric* \* for his head,  
 If death had stayed his footsteps while  
     On victory's track!

If, on the Day of Hostages,  
 The fruit had from the parent bough  
     Been rudely torn  
 In sight of Munster's bands—MacNee's—  
 Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,  
     Could ill have borne.

If, on the day of Balloch-boy,  
 Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,  
     The chieftain low,  
 Even our victorious shouts of joy  
 Would soon give place to rueful cries  
     And groans of woe!

If, on the day the Saxon host  
 Were forced to fly—a day so great  
     For *Ashanee* †—  
 The chief had been untimely lost,  
 Our conquering troops should moderate  
     Their mirthful glee.

There would not lack on Lifford's day,  
 From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,  
     From Limerick's towers,  
 A marshalled file, a long array,  
 Of mourners to bedew the soil  
     With tears in showers!

\* *Eric*, a compensation or *fine*.

† *Ashanee*, Ballyshannon.

If, on the day a sterner fate  
Compelled his flight from Athenree,  
His blood had flowed,  
What numbers all-disconsolate  
Would come unmasked, and share with thee  
Affliction's load !  
If Derry's crimson field had seen  
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere  
On victory's shrine,  
A thousand cries would swell the *caoine*,  
A thousand voices of despair  
Would echo thine.

Oh ! had the fierce Dalcassian swarm  
That bloody night on Fergus' banks  
But slain our chief,  
When rose his camp in wild alarm,  
How would the triumph of his ranks  
Be dashed with grief !  
How would the troops of Murbach mourn,  
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,  
Which England rued,  
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn  
By shedding there, amid the fray,  
Their prince's blood !

Red would have been our warriors' eyes  
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field  
A gory grave :  
No Northern chief would soon arise  
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,  
So swift to save.  
Long would Leith-Chinn have wept if Hugh,  
Had met the death he oft had dealt  
Among the foe ;

But had our Roderick fallen too,  
All Erin must, alas ! have felt  
The deadly blow.

What do I say ? Ah ! woe is me.  
Already we bewail in vain  
Their fatal fall ;  
And Erin, once the great and free,  
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain  
And iron thrall !  
Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry  
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn  
Thy heart aside ;  
For Adam's race is born to die,  
And sternly the sepulchral urn  
Mocks human pride !

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,  
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay,  
But on thy knees  
Uplift thy soul to God alone,  
For all things go their destined way  
As he decrees.  
Embrace the faithful crucifix,  
And seek the path of pain and prayer  
Thy Saviour trod ;  
Nor let thy spirit intermix  
With earthly hope and worldly care  
Its groans to God !

And thou, O Mighty Lord ! whose ways  
Are far above our feeble minds  
To understand,  
Sustain us in these doleful days,  
And render light the chain that binds  
Our fallen land !

Look down upon our dreary state,  
And, through the ages that may still  
Roll sadly on,  
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,  
And shield at least from darker ill  
The blood of Com!

Much has been said and written about Clarence Mangan's eccentricities, sufferings, and disappointments which will not bear critical examination. We knew him well, and many of the incidents of his life better. 'Tis true he was born poor, and remained poor—occasionally verging on destitution—all his life; but he never complained, because he attached little importance to money or ordinary comforts of life. Had he wished for such pleasures, he had brains enough and friends sufficient to have obtained them. But his genius was essentially erratic, and would have been stifled in an atmosphere of commonplace quiet and respectability. That he was an opium-eater is possible; but it is not to the use of that destructive drug, but to an untrained moral conscience,

to a total misapprehension of the fixed principles of the Christian faith, that his misfortunes and unhappiness are to be mainly attributed. Like everybody else, he loved, and, like the majority of the sons of Adam, his affection was not reciprocated. This disappointment had some effect on his singularly poetic nature, but not at all to the extent attributed to it by some of his biographers.

From 1842 Mangan's fortunes were linked with the *Nation* and what was subsequently called the "Young Ireland party." When the one was suppressed and the other scattered to the four winds of heaven, his star set in gloom and eternal night. But previous to the catastrophe some brilliant scintillations of poetic genius like the following appeared at long intervals :

#### THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like a rushing river  
That sweeps along to the mighty sea ;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
My soul of thee !



Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening  
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,  
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning  
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour ;  
How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,  
No star of all heaven sends to light our  
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages  
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,  
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages  
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,  
And worn by sickness, disease, and wrong,  
He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or rapid,  
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,  
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—  
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that maled him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,§  
He still, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreading death for others,  
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*  
(If children live not for sires and mothers),  
His mind grew dim,

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal  
Stock of returns ;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,  
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,  
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,  
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,  
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,  
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary  
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,  
He lives, enduring what future story  
Shall never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,  
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!  
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,  
Here and in hell.

This ballad, which may be taken as the outpouring of the poet's wounded spirit and hapless fate, was one of the last of his productions. His health, never very robust, broke down under the weight of poverty and disease, and on the 20th of June, 1849, he expired, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His last

days were spent in the Meath Hospital, where he was constantly attended by several of his friends yet remaining in Dublin, and by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, of SS. Michael and John's Church. With him passed away one of the most brilliant and original poetical intellects of this century, wedded unfortunately to an impracticable disposition, and a heart, albeit of great natural goodness and tenderness, altogether undisciplined and uninstructed.

## SAMUEL LOVER.

SAMUEL LOVER, though somewhat of an artist, dramatist, actor, composer, and novelist, was best known during his lifetime for the many beautiful poems, ballads, and songs which he contributed to the literature of the last generation. He was born in Dublin in 1797, in which city he commenced at an early age the occupation of a portrait-painter under the patronage of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and other influential residents of the Irish metropolis. In 1828 he was elected a member of the Royal Hibernian Society, of which he afterwards became secretary.

Lover at this time was not so exclusively engaged with his art but that he found time to write some prose sketches and songs of considerable merit, one of which was made in praise of the national bard, Moore, and sung by the

author at a banquet given to the poet in Dublin. Moore, in acknowledgment of this metrical tribute, took occasion during the evening to pass some complimentary remarks on "his gifted countryman," and this incident, slight in itself, determined Lover's future course. Abandoning the brush for the pen, he produced a very clever, and generally correct, series of "Legends and Stories of Irish Character," which were well received by the public and the press.

In 1837, finding Dublin too limited for his ambition, Lover removed to London, where he published in succession "Irish Sketches," in two volumes, "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," "Treasure Trove," and other works of fiction of considerable ability. These were followed by a volume of ballads which contained many lyric gems, so full of natural sentiment and pathos that they have easily found a responsive echo in the hearts of those who cared little for his novels or humorous stories.

Take as a specimen this sweet illustration of a popular belief that when a child smiles in its sleep its angel-guardian is whispering to it :

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wide, raging sea ;  
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,  
As she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh ! come back to me."

Her beads as she number'd, her baby still slumber'd,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.  
" Oh ! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whisp'ring to thee !

" And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby, with me ;  
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whisp'ring to thee !"

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see ;  
While closely caressing her child, with a blessing,  
Said, " I knew that the angels were whisp'ring to thee."

Another very pretty superstition of the Irish peasantry, that whoever finds a four-leaved shamrock can perform all the magical wonders ascribed to the fortunate holder of Aladdin's lamp, is thus perpetuated in excellent versification :

## THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock  
In all the fairy dells ;  
And if I find the charm'd leaves,  
Oh ! how I'll weave my spells.  
I would not waste my magic might  
On diamond, pearl, or gold ;  
Such treasures tire the weary sense—  
Their triumph is but cold.  
But I would play the enchanter's part  
In casting bliss around,  
Till not a tear nor aching heart  
Should in the world be found,  
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor,  
I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
And to the pallid lip recall  
The smile of happier years ;  
And hearts that had been long estranged,  
And joy that had grown cold,  
Should meet again like parted streams,  
And mingle as of old.  
Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,  
Thus scatter bliss around,

Till not a tear nor aching heart  
Should in the world be found,  
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning  
O'er vanished dreams of love  
Should see them all returning,  
Like Noah's faithful dove ;  
And hope should launch her blessed **bark**  
On error's dark'ning sea,  
And mis'ry's children have an Ark,  
And saved from sinking be.  
Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,  
Thus scatter bliss around,  
Till not a tear nor aching heart  
Should in the world be found,  
Should in the world be found.

During his long residence in the English metropolis Lover wrote many things that were more consonant with English taste than gratifying to his well-wishers and countrymen. This defect is more glaring in his early productions than in those of more mature years. However, we have the consolation of knowing that caricatures of the Irish are fast going out of fashion, and that reputations built on such fragile foundations are sure to be ephemeral. But while Lover's burlesques are becoming things



of the past, to be laid aside and forgotten, his songs, founded on the purer and better nature of the Irish people, will long be cherished, both at home and abroad, by those who appreciate delicacy of sentiment and musical rhythm. We might instance the "Fairy Temper," "Oh! Come to the West, Love," "The Fairy Boy," "There is no Girl like Mine," and a score of others; but we will content ourselves with the following little ballad, which, we fear, has not yet received the public attention its merits deserve:

THE PILGRIM HARPER.

The night was cold and dreary, no star was in the sky,  
When, travel tired and weary, a harper raised his cry;  
He raised his cry without the gate, his night's repose to win,  
And plaintive was the voice that said, "Ah! won't you let me in?"

The portal soon was open'd; for in the land of song  
The minstrel at the outer gate yet never linger'd long,

And inner doors were seldom closed 'gainst wand-  
'rers such as he ;  
For locks or hearts to open soon, sweet music is the  
key.

But if the gates are ope'd by melody, so grief can  
close them fast,  
And sorrow o'er that once gay hall its silent spell  
had cast ;  
All undisturb'd the spider there his web might safely  
spin.  
For many a day no festive lay, no harper, was let in.

But when this harper enter'd, and said he came from  
'far,  
And bore with him from Palestine the tidings of the  
war,  
And he could tell of all who fell or glory there did  
win,  
The warder knew his noble dame would let that  
harper in.

They led him to the bower ; the lady knelt in prayer.  
The harper raised a well-known lay upon the turret  
stair ;  
The door was ope'd with hasty hand—true love its  
meed did win ;  
For the lady saw her own true knight when that  
harper was let in.

Not content with his laurels as an  
artist and author, Lover essayed the  
drama, and even the histrionic art. He  
dramatized several of his own works,

and wrote three or four comedies, all of which, with the exception of the "White Horse of the Peppers," failed to keep the stage. He then improvised a number of humorous dramatic entertainments, in which he took the leading parts, and sang his own songs to his own music. Having made a successful tour, in this multifarious capacity, through England and Ireland, Lover came to this country in the winter of 1846-7, where his "Irish Evenings" were very popular. A St. Louis editor, speaking of his appearance at a public entertainment given in his honor in that city, said: "It was such a meeting as is seldom enjoyed—a meeting in honor of one of the most popular authors of the day, which his genius, unaided, would have been capable of making unusually attractive, but which, with the ready wit and good feeling of others, was exceedingly brilliant. The real worth of Lover, the influence of his genius, the peculiar traits of his

character, and all the various phases of his mind and heart, were seen and felt in all their force. In the social circle, where his fine feelings and sparkling wit can have unreserved play, he shines with the greatest brilliancy. As a poet, he writes for the heart. His songs speak a language which all can appreciate. This is shown in their unprecedented popularity." The subjoined verses, supposed to have been written by request in a young lady's album, appeared in the New Orleans *Delta* shortly after Lover's visit to the South :

THE FLOWER OF NATCHEZ.

Flower of Natchez, in thy beauty,  
 Take, oh ! take the poet's lay ;  
 She may claim the minstrel's duty  
 Who has charm'd his wand'ring way.  
     She's so sightly,  
     She's so sprightly,  
 With a wit so kind and keen,  
     That this flower  
     Of friendship's hour  
 I will call sweet *Rose d'Epine*.

Rose d'Epine, in love's sweet season  
 Who would steal one leaf from thee ?

May the hand that dares the treason  
Feel the thorn that guards the tree !  
Then safely, Rose,  
Thus soft repose  
Within thy modest, leafy screen,  
Till hand more meet  
Would cull the sweet,  
And make his own of *Rose d'Epine*.  
  
Other flowers, in beauty, fleetness,  
Court the sense and bloom as fair,  
But the sting beneath the sweetness  
Makes us touch the rose with care ;  
And may the thorn  
In life's young morn  
Guard well the sweetness which is seen,  
And gentle be  
The hand to thee  
That wins and wears sweet *Rose d'Epine*.

Lover returned from America considerably richer in purse, but in very delicate health. He, however, continued to appear in public in some new entertainments founded on his experiences while among us ; but his constitution at length gave way, his friends forsook him in his adversity, and during the short term of life that was permitted him he depended principally on a small pension granted out of the

Literary Relief Fund. He died in the island of Jersey on the 6th day of July, 1867, and was buried a few days after at Kensal Green, London.











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